

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## FLOWER-FORM.

Outward be dainty, as you are  
Within; glance by me swift and slim;  
Flash, where I walk; be grave, be  
prim;

Shiver at noises, things that jar  
Your lovely ordering; levy war  
Upon the beastly and the grim.  
Shine so apart, remote and dim  
From foggy earth, a constant star.

Thus to this world you shall appear  
Garb'd in your crystal qualities,  
As closely as the wet rocks wear  
The sand-moss of the starry eyes,  
Cause and Effect, both these in one,  
Witness and Virtue of the Sun.

*Maurice Hewlett.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## BUTTERFLY ORCHIDS.

The larches let the sunlight glance  
Through warp and woof  
Of the pillared roof  
Of their ballroom where the shadows  
dance.

More gladly, more intensely green  
Than youngest grass  
Their vesture was,  
Set with points of crimson sheen.

Only a few short weeks ago.  
But now the gleam  
Of the June sunbeam  
Wakes in their branches no jewel-  
glow.

They have had their part in the song  
of Spring,  
And now, sedate,  
They stand and wait  
For what the Summer days may  
bring.

What sylphs are these, what woodland  
maids,  
Slim and white  
In the chequered light,  
Lapped in the sea of wavering shades?

(So in still water, deep and clear,  
Naiades  
The dreamer sees,  
Their whiteness veiled in floating  
hair.)

These are flowers o' the dusk: at  
dawn

They shroud them in  
Their white and green;  
All day they stand aloof, withdrawn.

They hide away their rich perfume  
From the greedy day,  
But the moon's white ray  
Finds them awake in the scented  
gloom.

O the lovely June twilight!  
In these larchen halls  
How sweetly falls—  
How slow, how sweetly falls the night.

The moths are weaving with random  
flight,  
Gray and white,  
The veils of night,  
Veils to cover the eyes of night.

While green light lingers in the west  
The white flowers wake  
For love's sweet sake  
In all their perfumed beauty dressed.

They seem like lamps that shed no  
beams,  
Faintly bright  
With their own fair light;  
The wood is sweet with their breath  
of dreams.

And the moths, that weave night's  
floating hem,  
Now here, now there  
Through the fragrant air—  
The moths, their lovers, come to them.

*Edith Moggridge.*

*The British Review.*

## THE SWALLOW.

The morning that my baby came,  
They found a baby swallow dead,  
And saw a something; hard to name.  
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear,  
Sleeps on my bosom well, but Oh!  
If, in the autumn of the year,  
When swallows gather round and  
go. . . .

*Ralph Hodgson.*

## JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Public opinion in the United States is decidedly opposed to the admission of Japanese labor, and it is safe to assume that a rigorous Japanese exclusion law could be enacted by Congress with the consent and approval of a large majority of the voters. Relations between Japan and the United States are not of the best. Both Governments have done everything in their power to maintain peace and allay antagonisms, and so far with considerable success, and the difficult question of Japanese exclusion has been temporarily shelved through diplomatic agreement. This agreement, however, provided for the admission of established Japanese farmers, and the people of the Pacific Coast are violently antagonistic to the acquisition of farming land by Asiatics. So strong is this sentiment that the legislature of California is proceeding quite on its own responsibility to nullify the peaceful proposals of Washington by passing laws which the Japanese people hold to be a violation of privileges now guaranteed by treaty.

There is apparently no way out of the difficulty in the end, and the question arises whether or not a frankness which might be termed even brutal would not be the wisest method of dealing with the question instead of one of expediency, which can only be temporary in its benefits. The people of Western Canada share quite as emphatically in this objection to Asiatics, hence the matter is one of vital interest to the British Government, all the more that not only are the Japanese concerned in this antagonism, but that Hindus are also included among those who are not wanted. A Japanese Exclusion Act is inevitable in the United States in course of time. A marked tendency of

legislation is towards restricting immigration of all kinds, but that from Europe is held to be less antagonistic to American ideas, and far more amenable to Americanization, than that from the Orient. The ranks of labor are solidly arrayed against Asiatics, for no gain to Trade Unionism is promised by an increase in their numbers in the United States, while all the Western people who immigrate are possible recruits to labor organization. Where Japanese labor is employed, it is usually segregated in such a manner as to create alien communities, without promise or hope of final disintegration, or absorption into the general social structure of the nation.

The Japanese are not so peacefully inclined as the Chinese, nor are they so unremittingly industrious. Their productive power per labor unit is not so great, and this has a tendency to lower the wage-scale and prejudice the Western laboring classes against them. The Chinaman also has always accepted the estimate of the foreign community in which he lives, to the effect that he is inferior to the white race. He has endured the bullying, kicks, cuffs, and persecution to which he has been subjected by white employers, foremen, and the hooligan element, practically without retaliation; has earned his money, spent it in his own way, or taken it back to China with him. The Japanese, with quicker intelligence, less patience and philosophy, and a new-found pride of nationality based upon comparatively recent accomplishment, naturally resents being regarded in any such light, and demands a "place in the sun." Hence the Japanese more quickly arouses active antagonism and fear as to the consequences of admitting him freely into the life of the country. His nation is

looked upon as a logical enemy of American advancement in Far Eastern affairs, and ulterior motives are generally attributed to account for his presence in America.

Immigration of Japanese labor into the United States is now restrained only by diplomatic agreement between the two Governments. The question came to a head during the administration of President Roosevelt, and the crisis was precipitated by anti-Japanese demonstrations in California. President Roosevelt succeeded in quieting the American demand for a Japanese exclusion law similar to that prevailing against the Chinese, and in persuading the Japanese Government to restrain its people from coming to America. The general understanding with Japan is to the effect that the Japanese Government should issue passports to the continental United States only to such of its subjects as are non-laborers or are laborers who, in coming to the continent, seek to resume a formerly acquired domicile, to join a parent, wife or child residing therein, or to assume active control of an already possessed interest in a farming enterprise located in the United States. With respect to Hawaii, the Japanese Government, of its own volition, stated that, experimentally at least, the issuing of passports to members of the laboring classes proceeding to Hawaii would be limited to former residents and parents, wives or children of residents, and along these lines the Japanese Government has maintained fairly close supervision over the emigration of its people to American territory. Under this arrangement, which was brought about in 1908, Japanese immigration into the United States fell off considerably for two or three years, but soon again reached the annual total of the years preceding this voluntary restriction. In 1912 about 8,000 Japanese immigrants entered the United

States through the regular channels, and in 1913 the entries numbered about 6,000.

It is mentioned that these people came through "regular channels," for it is impossible to say just how many smuggled themselves in or were assisted to enter over the Canadian and Mexican frontiers, or from ships lying in American harbors. The possibilities of this unrecognized form of immigration are startlingly in evidence through statistics which profess to show that while only 6,500 Hindus, against whom there is also a strong popular prejudice, have come to the United States, there are more than this number now settled in the Sacramento and San Jacinto Valleys of California alone. The Japanese immigration question was one of the serious problems which President Wilson inherited from his predecessor, President Taft, and one which demanded immediate attention. An alien land law was proposed in California which would have barred the Japanese from acquiring real property in that State. The Japanese Government made protest, and with obvious right claimed that treaty privileges were to be violated by such a law. It has taken the utmost skill on the part of Washington up to the present time to avoid reaching an impasse in the diplomatic relations of the two countries.

The people of California refused to make things any easier for the national Government, and strong pressure is brought upon Congress not only from California, but from all parts of the United States in favor of outright Japanese exclusion. But for the enormous influence President Wilson has over the party in power in Congress, the situation would have become even more difficult than it is, and in all probability a Japanese exclusion law would have been enacted this year, and precipitated a real crisis in the rela-



tions of the two nations. The Japanese Government is equally concerned with the Government of the United States in preventing a show-down on this question, for it is feared that popular clamor in Japan would bring about a dangerous situation if it was realized by the Japanese people that they were really and finally barred from emigration to the United States, and were thus classed socially with the Chinese in the eyes of a civilized world, in which their natural ambitions are for a recognized equality with the best.

On economic and social grounds Japanese laborers are not wanted in America, and this applies to Western Canada as well as to the United States. Just at a time when President Wilson thought he had the situation well in hand, so far as Congress was concerned at least, the United States Commissioner-General of Immigration, an appointee of the President, and a citizen of California, appeared before the Congressional Committee which has control of immigration affairs, and boldly advocated the exclusion of all Asiatics from the United States, and failing that, a system of registration which would enable the Government to keep track of those admitted, and thus put an end to immigration through unrecognized channels. Mr. Caminetti, who is the United States Commissioner-General of Immigration, asked the committee to take immediate action "to check the menace of Asiatic immigration," and said further:—

"Asiatic immigration is a menace to the whole country, and particularly to the Pacific Coast. The danger is general. No part of the United States is immune. The Chinese are now spread over the entire country, and the Japanese want to encroach. The Chinese have become so acclimated that they can prosper in any part of our country. The Pacific Coast and the South are peculiarly subject to their choice, because of the favorable climatic condi-

tions afforded in those sections. The people of California waited patiently for diplomatic agreement on the Japanese question. I do not think they want to wait for diplomatic settlement of the Hindu question. Congress should provide laws for better control of the northern boundary, where the Japanese and Chinese as well as the Hindus have been getting in, despite our immigration inspectors. There should be provision for water patrol to watch the many islands on the North Pacific Coast. I would have a law to register the Asiatic laborers who come into the country. It is impossible to protect ourselves from persons who come in surreptitiously."

In the present economic condition of Japan, the most natural turn of events would be a large and unrestricted immigration of surplus labor to some country where conditions were favorable for immediate employment, and the earning and saving of money to be sent home. The Italians in the United States send £20,000,000 annually to their native land. This is a tremendous factor in the home finances of Italy. It supports many dependants, buys land, floats small business enterprises, purchases tickets to America for new emigration, and furnishes business for all the Italian banks, some of them subsisting almost entirely on the profit arising from the handling of emigrant funds.

Such an outlet for population and such a source of revenue is exactly what Japan needs most urgently at the present moment. America is the only country which offers itself as a possibility for the economic salvation of the Japanese people. At the present time the Japanese are hard hit at home. They have over-reached themselves in the matter of public indebtedness; the annual expenses of the Government for interest and fixed charges are enormously heavy, with resultant burdensome taxation. Industry does not find as free an outlet for foreign export of

manufactured goods as is needed; famine has desolated large agricultural areas; and Korea, Formosa, Manchuria, and even China, fail to offer themselves as avenues of escape for the thousands at home who are in need of employment at living wages. Industrial troubles and heavy taxation have led to great unrest among the people. Education is spreading rapidly, and Socialism with it. The Emperor is losing the divine place he formerly held in the imagination of the people, and the open and notorious corruption which prevails in Japanese local politics does not add to the stability of the Government or the discipline of the people as a whole. Recent scandals in connection with the Navy, the idol of the people, have shaken their confidence in everything.

The result of all this has been a marked increase in lack of restraint, especially in the larger communities, and it has been the experience of Europeans who have employed Japanese labor in Japan that the men are inclined to be restless, quarrelsome, turbulent, and easily aroused to demonstration, interfering with their value as a dependable industrial force. It is quite true, in fact, that some of the larger employers will only hire women wherever it is possible, for the Japanese women, on the contrary, constitute one of the most dependable, skillful, and practicable labor supplies in the world. The Japanese nation is, in brief, reacting upon itself; and being denied an outlet for a population which has now reached 68,000,000, and is rapidly increasing, is vastly in need of a foreign vineyard to which her sons can resort for labor and the profits therefrom.

From this need arises the movement of the Japanese to the United States and other American possessions. The total population of Hawaii is about 200,000. Nearly 80,000 Japanese con-

stitute by far the largest number of any one race in the island, and they are gaining each year in their proportionate number. A serious question has already arisen in connection with the voting privilege, for a Japanese born in Hawaii is given the franchise on coming of age. It now seems probable that it will be but a few years before voters of Japanese parentage are in the majority, and it is more than probable that some change will be made in the law before long to prevent Japanese ascendancy in Hawaiian local affairs. No such influx of Japanese immigration is noted on the mainland of the United States, but Japanese laborers who do immigrate generally get together, form colonies of their own, and so make themselves much more apparent than their number would warrant when compared with the total population of the country. Were it possible for Japanese laborers to distribute themselves throughout the mass of the people they would probably have escaped notice for some time to come. The marked racial difference between the Asiatic and the European, with all this means in point of view, manners, and customs, has made this impossible; and careful observers have recently reached the conclusion that race antagonism in nearly all directions is becoming more noticeable among the American people than ever before. It appears to be an instinctive development of distrust, suspicion, and dislike, especially directed towards the Oriental, be he from the Near or Far East, and to prevail irrespective of the apparently modifying circumstance that its object may be American-born. Predictions are freely made that in course of time, as one or another alien influence becomes too obviously dominant in American life, a strong movement will prevail which will give rise to unpleasant racial antagonisms. The American people have

been careless, generous, and indifferent to possible consequences of alien participation, but in this, as in other cases, reaction can come swiftly and with violence when once public sentiment is aroused as to the possible danger to American ideals. Intelligent Europeans familiar with American life are confident that it will not be many years before the attitude of the American people towards alien influence is just as sharply defined as the attitude of Europe is to-day, though greater vindictiveness is expected, as new opinions come to the American people with a rush, and extremes are often easily and quickly reached. When it is borne in mind that fully three-quarters of the men and women who count in the present management of American affairs are still of more or less Puritan stock, the danger of any real Slav, Hun, Latin, or Oriental ascendancy becomes negligible.

The diplomatic situation between the United States and Japan is one of cold but punctilious politeness. Some years ago the Japanese Government, in its desire to reconcile the nation to vast expenditures for armament, cultivated the idea among the taxpayers that war with the United States was a possibility. Out of this have grown some of the difficulties of the present antagonism, although the anti-American propaganda in Japan ceased some time ago. There never has been, nor is there now, any real reason for such a war, and it would be an utterly futile conflict for both countries in results that might be achieved. It was said that Japan wanted the Philippines, but more recently it is known that those islands are not looked upon with favor by the Japanese Government as an asylum for Japanese emigration, for climatic and other reasons. The day of war indemnities has gone by, Japan herself setting a notable example in the case of Russia, though there is

reason to believe the Japanese people have since bitterly regretted a moderation for which President Roosevelt was somewhat responsible. Later it has been said, in fact military experts the world over agreed, that if Japan contemplated war, it would have to be brought off before the completion of the Panama Canal. The canal is now practically finished, and the effective power of the American Navy thereby largely increased. The influence of England with Japan, whatever that might amount to, would be exerted to the utmost to prevent hostilities between Japan and the United States, and in the present overloaded condition of Japan it would be very difficult for that country to finance a struggle against a Power which in the end would surely be the victor, not necessarily on a showing of present forces, but by reason of unlimited resources, reserve power, and the spirit of the American people. It might be true, as Mr. Kipling is reported to have said when asked his opinion of what would happen in case of war between the United States and Japan, that the first effect would be "twenty million of the maddest people in the world twenty miles from the Pacific Coast"; but the twenty million would in time come back, and there would be seventy million more behind them. There does not seem to be any possibility of war between Japan and the United States, looking at the situation from almost any point of view. Peace will not prevail because either nation is afraid of the other, but for much more creditable reasons.

It is a serious question whether the United States Government is acting entirely frankly and honestly with the Japanese nation. The American people have freely expressed their desire for Japanese exclusion. There are no illusions on that score, and the Japanese are as well aware of this as are the

Americans. To dodge the issue and attempt by diplomatic subterfuge to postpone the inevitable is no part of wisdom or fairness. A frank acknowledgment of the realities would mean that the United States Government inform the Japanese Government that, although it might regret the fact, the American people were bent upon Japanese exclusion, and there was no longer any good to come out of diplomatic correspondence on the subject, excepting to convey a notification of intention to denounce existing treaties that the way might be made clear for new conventions, based upon things as they had to be.

That this would not be pleasant news for the British Government is evident, for Canada would inevitably follow suit, both countries including the Hindu laborer as well as the Japanese among the prohibited classes of immigrants. This would put England in a very uncomfortable position with her ally Japan and her peoples in India. Nevertheless, the situation looms large upon the horizon, and, while it may be postponed for a time, it will have to be faced sooner or later.

It can be easily understood what the Japanese are fighting for. Their needs are economic, and their proud ambition encompasses an acknowledged equality with all peoples, Western as well as Eastern. It is a constant source of irritation and serious loss to Japan that Japanese labor is not welcome everywhere. It is a serious humiliation to find that, while she is classed as one of the Great Powers, her people are banned from some civilized countries as being "undesirables." It is a bitter pill to swallow, and it gags the patient. It will serve to drive Japan back into herself and the field of the

Far East, which she now dominates, and will in course of time take to herself even more effectively than at present.

The reactionary effect of all this will work no good to the English-speaking peoples, for the chance of expanding their influence, political or commercial, in the Far East will decline in proportion to the degree to which Japan is forced to intensify her cultivation of Far Eastern territory. The West has furnished Japan with her most powerful weapons, and the West is now forcing her to use them to Western discomfiture. In this situation are involved American interests in the Far East, and English interests not only in the Far East, but in India and the Near East as well. Should the United States deal frankly and honestly with the question of Japanese exclusion, all this will come to pass, but it cannot be avoided by temporizing methods. It will come anyway, and when a thing is to be done, no matter how disagreeable it may be, the quicker it is gotten rid of, the better for all concerned. The present course is fair to neither people; and while the United States finds this matter but one of many concerns of more or less importance, it is a leading and vital issue in Japan, and the Japanese people are now led to believe either that the United States is afraid to force the issue or that exclusion can be deferred indefinitely. Those who know the American people and their ideas and ideals know that the Japanese are not wanted and will be kept out, and that if this matter was now referred to a popular vote it would result in notification to the Japanese Government to the effect that Japanese labor must now and forever seek other outlets than America.

*James Davenport Whelpley.*

## OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON RECENT CHANGES IN JOURNALISM.

We were talking about changes in journalism.

"You, Lord Morley, left journalism a profession," said Mr. Kennedy Jones, one of the founders of the *Daily Mail*. "We have made it a branch of commerce."

Mindful of the days when he was an active journalist and the editor of an influential newspaper, Lord Morley nodded a mournful assent and put this question:

"Can you explain how it happens that the politics of a constituency are often of the opposite color to that of its newspaper?"

Mr. Kennedy Jones is never at a loss for a reason.

"Newspapers start men thinking, and when men think they are prone to take the opposite view."

Here are two of the greatest authorities of the old and the new school agreeing on facts which it may be interesting to examine in detail.

Two events are mainly responsible for the changes in journalism. The Education Act of 1870 created a new reading public, and the Boer War of 1899-1902 undermined the prosperity of the penny newspaper.

It is a common delusion that people do not begin to think until they begin to read. Yet if this were true the brain of mankind would have atrophied ages ago, for reading is a comparatively modern and limited accomplishment. The illiterate peasant, whose faculty for sober meditation has not been burnt up by the excitements of city life, is often a close and accurate observer, as capable of exercising his memory and reason as many of the proletariat who imagine that reading and reasoning are the same thing. Reading does no more than ex-

tend his horizon to new and unfamiliar objects.

There is another popular superstition which stands in the way of a clear understanding of my subject. Newspapers are supposed to delight in wars "because they provide interesting copy." If the people who believe this had to pay the bills for telegraphic and other charges at the front, they would soon discover less costly ways of filling columns of print. Wars, certainly, have made newspapers. The Crimean War was useful to *The Times*, and the Franco-German War established the reputation of the *Daily News*. But the Boer War was a disaster to journalism. Not merely did it involve ruinous expense; it also restricted trade and reduced advertisement revenues on which every newspaper is dependent. One great journal, whose profits rose at one time to 95,000*l.* a year, emerged from the struggle with a balance on the debit side.

The Education Act had been in operation nearly thirty years when the South African War began. It had taught hundreds of thousands to read, if not to think; yet it had produced no corresponding increase in the number of newspapers. Mr. Donald, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in his Presidential address to the Institute of Journalists, stated that, "during twenty years the total number of newspapers, morning, evening, and weekly, in England had increased only a little more than six per cent, while the population during that period had increased twenty-four per cent, and the growth of the reading public by a great deal more. In the chief centres of population there are fewer morning and evening newspapers than there were twenty years ago."



We are not, like the Americans and the French, a nation of newspaper readers. The habit has grown, but until the year 1900 it was confined to limited numbers chiefly in the large towns. Twenty years ago it was possible to make a rough classification of the citizens of the United Kingdom by naming half a dozen journals. *The Times* represented the official classes; the *Standard* the upper middle class, the clergy, and the squires; the *Morning Post* the aristocracy and their dependents; the *Daily Telegraph* the Conservative masses; the *Daily News* the Liberal classes; and the *Daily Chronicle* the Radical and working classes. Within these well-defined boundaries the great morning journals moved at leisure, studiously ignoring one another's existence and casting an occasional glance of silent contempt on the antics of the young and irresponsible rival who threatened to raid their frontiers. Each was content with its own special province and its attitude towards the great multitude was one of lofty indifference.

Gunpowder was needed to shatter this armor of custom and complacency, and the peasants of the Transvaal provided it. The Boer War had more than a national interest; the reverses and uncertainties of its early days excited the personal interest of every man, woman and child in the British Isles. To meet the popular demand the newspapers spent money lavishly, and never were they better served by their correspondents in the field. But in every trade it is not enough to have the goods. You must display them to the best advantage and must let the world know you have them. And if you can compel your rivals to advertise your wares so much the better. "Boldly sound your own praises," says Lord Bacon, "and some of them will stick. It will stick with the more ignorant and the populace, though men

of wisdom may smile at it, and the reputation won with the many will amply countervail the disdain of the few." In these arts of publicity the old newspapers were the clumsiest of amateurs. They would not learn how to "dress their windows," and, though they incited other tradesmen to advertise, they disdained to be their own sandwichmen.

While the laurels of the penny Press were wilting and fading into funeral wreaths, the new halfpenny Press was coming into vigorous life. I say "the new halfpenny Press" because it is almost forgotten that thirty years ago *The Times* published a halfpenny morning newspaper which had a short existence, and that in 1892 appeared the halfpenny *Morning Leader* which has recently been absorbed in the *Daily News*. If the revolution in journalism had depended solely on the magic of the halfpenny, as some imagine, it would therefore have begun more than a quarter of a century ago. No doubt the halfpenny won many adherents, for the difference between a penny and a halfpenny a day counts with the great multitude. But, as in other revolutions, the determining factors were the moment and the man. And both had arrived.

A literary agent of vast experience has told us that in order to have a great circulation a novelist must have "extraordinary fluency, absolute sincerity, and a vulgar mind." The halfpenny newspaper depends on its great circulation, and, like the popular novelist, must comply with three conditions. Its news must attract the multitude; it must compel notice at all times and in all circumstances; and it must reach the remotest corner of the country at an early hour.

Let us see how these conditions were met by the old newspapers and how they are met by the new.

The old London newspapers made no

serious effort to compete with the provincial newspapers. They went to press at three o'clock in the morning. News-agents collected and despatched them by the ordinary morning trains, and they reached the provinces hours after men had read their local newspaper. Now you can breakfast in the north of Scotland and have for company a London halfpenny newspaper of the same morning. The miracle is simplicity itself. The halfpenny paper goes to press at midnight instead of at three o'clock; it is printed in Manchester as well as London, and it is despatched by special trains and motor vehicles. The cost of distribution is great, but in the business of journalism you cannot become rich by the negative process of spending nothing. To create new centres of distribution, and thereby gain five hours in the North and in Ireland the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily News* are printed in Manchester and in London. This costly expedient was adopted by the *Daily Mirror* a few months ago, but has been abandoned; while its rival, the *Daily Sketch*, has transferred its editorial and printing establishments from Manchester to London.

This radical change in methods of distribution has nationalized the London halfpenny Press and has seriously affected the circulation and advertisement revenues of many provincial newspapers. Nor is it without other disadvantages. News has to be hurried over the wire and leaders have to be written at an hour when most people are opening their evening newspaper, and it is not surprising if both bear the marks of haste.

The old-fashioned newspaper proprietor gave little thought to methods of increasing circulation beyond the intrinsic merits of his journal. He was content to print his paper and let the public take it or leave it. If there was any special organization for

"pushing the sale," nobody suspected it. To-day an army of energetic and ingenious men is busy inventing new means of improving circulation, outwitting and outbidding rivals, securing the support of newsvendors, and attracting the notice of the public and the advertiser.

The art of success in any business, except politics, is by deeds, not words. Why has *Robinson Crusoe* been popular with many generations? Because the shipwrecked sailor is always doing or making something and telling us all about it. The genius of Lord Northcliffe is of this order. It seizes on concrete and practical things, from sweet peas to aeroplanes and golf balls, and glids them so lavishly that they compel everybody's attention. Even the most exclusive organs, which would never have condescended to print the name of a rival a few years ago, feel that they cannot ignore a 10,000*l.* prize, and give as news a free advertisement which no money could have purchased in the old days.

If the publicity agent has multiplied, so too has the advertising agent. Formerly a great London daily was content with two or three respectable old gentlemen in silk hats and frock-coats who paid ceremonial visits to large business houses which had signified their desire to advertise. Now-days the advertising director has an active army at his command, a debating society to secure publicity for his views, annual exhibitions to attract customers, and meetings in the London Chamber of Commerce to compel rivals to disclose their "net circulation," which he has convinced the advertiser is the sole test of purchasing power irrespective of the class among which a newspaper circulates.

I have dealt first with these technical departments of newspaper production because they are the real foundations of the great circulation on which

the popular Press depends. The business side of journalism has developed enormously in recent years and has become more important than the editorial. "Any one can write," I have heard a great newspaper proprietor say, "but business requires brains." Therefore have men of business and administrative capacity multiplied in Fleet Street and usurped the authority—and the salaries—which were once the monopoly of distinguished members of the editorial and writing staff. The day may not be very distant when even Mr. Donald's vision will be realized and "people may become too lazy to read and news will be laid on to the house or office, just as gas and water are now." The amazing success of the photographic newspaper, whose circulation exceeds that of any other newspaper and is advancing by leaps and bounds, suggests infinite possibilities for the future union of the cinematograph with the phonograph. But, pending this new revolution, the great Public has to put up with the more laborious arts of writing and printing.

Even these ancient arts have not escaped the universal law of change. The linotype machine has superseded the compositor, and the printing press has acquired a speed and an intelligence almost supernatural. The machine that prints, folds, and counts ten thousand newspapers an hour is a triumph of ingenuity which John Walter never dreamed of when he introduced the Koenig press.

I come now to the contentious part of my subject. A Spanish proverb says that to equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth. That the popular newspaper of to-day is more attractive than its forerunner cannot be denied: it presents its news in shorter and brighter form; it deals with a wider range of topics, and it is easier to read. But by what standard are we to judge the contents of a news-

paper? By their importance, or by their interest?

"Things that are important," I have often been assured on high authority, "are rarely interesting, and the best piece of news is a good murder." Colonel Cowles, the editor in *Queed*, was of the same opinion, for he gave this advice to his young and philosophical assistant: "Always remember this: the great Public are more interested in a cat-fight at the corner of Seventh and Centre Streets than they are in the greatest exploit of the greatest scientific theorist that ever lived."

It may be, as Sam Slick says, "agin the law to doubt them old boys," but journalists of the old school would never subscribe to this doctrine. They had a horror of the trivial; they never used the phrase "human interest," and, in the words of a recent *Times Literary Supplement*, they had none of "the craven modern fear of being dull." Let me give one or two examples of these irreconcilable ideals.

London was greatly excited some years ago by the announcement of the marriage of a white woman with a Zulu "prince" who was appearing at the Earl's Court Exhibition. A young and enterprising member of the staff of the *Daily Mail* sought my advice as to the best means of preventing this marriage, and, with the consent of the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony, I arranged for a formal protest on the ground that "the prince" already had several wives in his own country. The bride and bridegroom drove up to the church in a hansom, but did not alight, because they foresaw difficulties from the people awaiting them. I spent an exciting day following the disappointed couple from Doctors' Commons, where they sought in vain a special marriage license, to the Registrar's office, and finally to a lawyer's office. Yet not a word of the amusing story could I persuade the

*Standard* to print beyond the bare fact that there had been no wedding.

At the second Peace Conference at The Hague, which I attended for the *Daily Mail*, I was bombarded for several days with telegrams urging me to "describe the doings of the ladies"! I replied, at last, that the Peace Conference was not a raree-show and suggested that a society reporter should take my place, whereupon the news editor sent a message disassociating himself from these commands, and the editor authorized me to continue treating the business at the Conference seriously. "The ladies" have exercised a subtle and powerful influence on journalism.

When China was passing through one of her convulsions three years ago I made a journey from Hankow through several hundred miles of disturbed country, and reached Peking a few days before the mutiny, to receive these instructions from London: "Don't cable unless urgent. Collect interesting articles—abolition pigtails, opium, and suchlike."

After all, the first and most important business of a popular newspaper is to interest the multitude. The old penny newspaper appealed only to a limited and special public and was more intent on instructing than on interesting. When it sought to rouse public sentiment it was by ideas rather than by emotions. No better illustration can be found than the treatment of Parliamentary and foreign news.

In 1881 the Press Gallery of the Houses of Parliament, which had been a close London corporation, was thrown open to the great provincial newspapers and long reports of debates were a feature in journalism. This effort to revive interest in Parliament failed. The public had grown weary of much talk and little business. One by one the special reporting staffs disappeared and the Parliamentary

sketch, which had been a pleasant introduction to the debates, was extended and made to serve as a report, except on occasions of supreme importance. It is sometimes claimed that the New Journalism invented this method of recording the proceedings of Parliament. Yet it was practised in the days when Dr. Johnson "took care that the Whig dogs did not get the best of it," and when "Memory Woodfall" earned the compliment of reproducing Burke's arguments without his words. And even in more recent times the method was common enough for a great newspaper to "report" a speech of Mr. Gladstone in this fashion: "Mr. Gladstone turned, twisted, and metamorphosed everything which the right honorable gentleman [Lord Salisbury] had said into so many ridiculous forms that the House was kept in a roar of laughter. . . . Mr. Gladstone enforced these beautiful and affecting statements by very splendid passages from some Latin classics"! Long before the advent of the halfpenny Press, which cannot afford to be dull even when it is most serious, the Parliamentary reporter had no scruple about breaking off suddenly in the maiden speech of Viscount Cranborne, in order to observe how unlike he was to his father in figure and speech; nor had he any hesitation in describing the Chancellor of the Exchequer's annual Budget statement as "of no importance, because it was all figures"!

English newspapers once claimed a practical monopoly in foreign news and printed regularly well-informed and thoughtful articles on foreign questions. Journals like *The Times* and *Daily Telegraph* have not altogether forsaken this tradition, but the serious student must now look to the great newspapers of Paris and Berlin. France and Germany give more attention to these matters and have a literature, as well as a journalism, of for-

eign affairs to which we cannot pretend.

A Cabinet Minister, with whom I discussed the decay of interest in foreign questions, gave this excuse: "How can you expect people who have to struggle for daily bread to take any interest in questions that do not immediately affect them?" I do not know whether members of the House of Commons who have to earn 400*l.* a year are included in this category of bread-winners, but certain it is that debates on foreign affairs have become rare and desultory and are discouraged by both political parties as though foreign affairs were sacred mysteries dangerous to examine into. So obvious is this neglect of the big business of the world for what is local and even trivial by comparison that French statesmen, like M. Clemenceau, often point to it as a source of weakness to ourselves and to the Triple Entente.

Not that the popular Press ignores all foreign topics. Its predecessors were not more enterprising where there is a war, or a revolution, or anything sensational enough to excite emotion among the multitude. Its "Special Correspondent" is prepared to depart at a moment's notice to the ends of the earth. Moreover, it has "Our Own Correspondent" resident in Paris, Berlin, and New York, and where these regular agents are not established there are always men eager to earn half a guinea by despatching an occasional telegram. But the old penny newspapers regarded their foreign service as a serious branch of journalism—in some cases as the most important. They spent more money on it; their permanent staffs abroad were larger; they were selected with care; and they had greater freedom and responsibility. Their telegrams may have lacked "human interest" and Americans may have cause to complain that they failed to show the world that the only

vital affairs in the United States are divorces, crimes, and plutocratic excesses. Yet, despite this wilful neglect of their opportunities, not a few of these foreign correspondents made valuable contributions to diplomacy and history.

In another department also the change has been radical. The leading article has been deposed from its lofty position as counsellor and dictator. Instead of the squadron of "three-deckers" that sailed majestically over "the leader space" we have one or two small craft which may be likened to torpedo boats or to fussy little tugs, according to the flag they fly. Not many tears, I fancy, have been shed over the stately galleons, though they were often splendidly manned and freighted with rich merchandise of argument, scholarship, and literary style. Their disappearance from the popular Press raises the question put by Lord Morley in concrete form: Do newspapers make converts or do they preach only to be converted? Let me put a case with which everybody must be familiar.

Twelve years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain started his Tariff campaign, he was supported by most of the great newspapers. Among Unionist organs the *Standard* alone remained constant to Free Trade until it passed under the control of Mr. Pearson. The Free Trade Press in London and the provinces was hopelessly outclassed. Yet with whom is the victory? Many other instances will occur to the student of politics to show that the "intelligent anticipation of events" is not indispensable to a great reputation. Statesmen, journalists, and children sometimes prophesy rightly, for they often speak at random. But if anyone wants to know what "the influence of the Press" is not, let him turn over the files of his favorite newspaper and chasten his soul with the long and



painful record of unredeemed prophecies and disasters.

An impartial journalist, says Anatole France, is a monstrosity. The leader writer who is imprisoned in the strait waistcoat of a short paragraph is no more "a monstrosity" than the leader writer who pranced and pirouetted in three long paragraphs. Like Democritus, both may put out their eyes that they may philosophize the better for their party. But there is this difference between the old and the new. Formerly the leader writer was a specialist who wrote only on subjects of which he had made long and careful study. Omniscience was perhaps his foible, but the Editor took care that it was confined to his own little world. Unlike his successor he was not invited to roam over the entire field of human knowledge and activities.

The late Mr. Stead has given us a picture of the journalist of the old school. He is speaking of Lord Milner, who "to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

"When Milner was working with me at Northumberland Street one of the things he did every day was to go through the proofs of my leading articles before they were printed and 'tone them down.' He would squirm at an adjective here, reduce a superlative there, and, generally, strike out anything that seemed calculated needlessly to irritate or offend. He was always putting water in my wine. He was always combing out the tangled mane of the *P. M. G.*, and when the lion opened his mouth to roar Milner was always at hand to be consulted as to the advisability of modulating the ferocity of his roar. This is my abiding memory on Milner on the *P. M. G.* He stood as guardian armed with ruthless pen, ever on guard against any expression that seemed strained or any utterance that rang false by excess of vehemence."

"I like red blood in my articles," said an Editor. "Red ink, you mean!" was my reply. The great multitude has no taste for watered wine. It resents the repellent airs of discretion and reserve; it resents articles that are always depressingly fair and moderate. "A noisy man is always in the right," and it is easy to have the courage of other people's opinions which may be honest though worthless. There are many who would rather listen to "an oration" in Hyde Park than to a sermon in Westminster Abbey. When I hear complaints of "the exaggeration of the Press" I console myself with the words of Schopenhauer: "Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists, and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs; if anything stirs they immediately set up a shrill bark. Therefore let us carefully regulate the attention to be paid to this trumpet of danger, so that it may not disturb our digestion. Let us recognize that a newspaper is at best but a magnifying glass, and very often merely a shadow on the wall."

Whatever use it may make of this "dramatic art" the popular Press of this country uses every effort to ascertain the facts, even though it presents them with Meredith's "dab of school-box colors," and though "the dangerous summarizing lucidity of the headline" may lead the unwary astray. Its agents may mislead it, as in the "Pekin Massacres" during the Boxer Trouble, and in the Balkan War, as I showed in this Review last year.<sup>1</sup> But the deliberate fabrication of news is an offence almost unknown in English

<sup>1</sup> The War Correspondent in Sunshine and Eclipse. "Nineteenth Century and After," Mar. 1913.

journalism. No English Editor has had to make this humiliating confession. After the earthquake in San Francisco Americans in Berlin were harrowed with gruesome stories of wholesale death and disaster appearing in a great German newspaper. Many who read these reports had relatives and friends in the devastated city and had no means of learning their fate. The newspaper office was besieged by anxious inquirers, and the Editor, being a humane man, though a journalist, consoled them with this statement: "We are getting no news from San Francisco. But our readers must have news, so we print these stories which are written up in the office. I will send to your hotels every evening any cables we receive in order that you may not be distressed by the 'news' we have to invent."

We are often told that the literary quality of journalism has improved, and with a reiteration suggestive of a common inspiration we are invited to make comparison by turning over ancient newspaper files. This is a safe challenge. No sane man would grope about in the dusty catacombs of journalism, or disinter the corpse of yesterday for so useless a post-mortem inquest. But there is an easier test. How many articles are cut out of newspapers these days; and has anyone compiled a school reading-book out of the halfpenny Press?

But all this is barren controversy and may be dismissed with the well-worn maxim—*de gustibus non est disputandum*. It is folly to judge the tastes of others by standards of our own. The new journalist labors under disadvantages that never troubled the "literary style" of his predecessor. He moves in the fetters of the paragraph, but there are always people who prefer the "snippet" to, I will not say tediousness, but length; he has to explain everything from the beginning, but

there are always people of dim intelligence and dimmer memory; he has to be "merry and bright," but there are always people who would rather be moved and amused than reasoned with and instructed.

No doubt journalism still absorbs a considerable amount of literary talent, but it is becoming more and more unattached. The writing editor with his dominating personality has given place to the managing editor, and the occasional contributor with new ideas has supplanted the hired literary hack. And with this "tame expert" has vanished also the "penny-a-liner," once a familiar object in Fleet Street. But he has a successor, almost as pathetic, in the continuous stream of journeymen journalists which turns the wheels of what Jack London calls "that man-killing machine," and, after an exhausting interval, passes once more through the portals of the modern newspaper office.

But the greatest change of all, and the one which is mainly responsible for the revolution in journalism, is the commercialization of the Press. Twenty years ago, Mr. Donald tells us, the Stock Exchange list contained not a single newspaper corporation, whereas now twelve large companies figure in the quotations, and Stock Exchange annuals mention twenty-six newspaper limited liability companies, all of which, except one, have been registered during the last twenty years. This charge of commercialization is not new however. Ferdinand Lassalle, the brilliant German demagogue, made the same charge years ago when he declared that "under the pretext of championing political and intellectual causes, the Press is steadily becoming a commercial speculation in virtue of the system of advertising." And, because Lassalle detested a journalist almost as much as a Jew, he ascribed to this branch of commerce "ignorance,

lack of conscience, and insensate hate of everything true and noble in politics, art, and science." But the commercialization of which Lassalle complained was of another order. It was not of that corporate kind which has neither a body to kick nor a soul to damn. The human or personal factor had not then been eliminated. "A Journalist" writing to *The Times* recently describes the old newspaper proprietor as "often an ignorant, always a strictly commercial person." Oh, shade of John Walter! The old newspaper proprietor may have been all these things and more, but he certainly was not "the dominant factor." Can anyone imagine men like Morley, Mudford, Delane, Stead, Arnold, Reid, Dunkley, and all the other strong men of the Victorian era submitting to the dictation of an "ignorant and strictly commercial person"? The only man who counted was the Editor. With his dominating personality he was in all things the autocrat and the conscience of his newspaper. Even Joseph Cowen, a man of extraordinary character and ability, made this discovery when he had to be content with his Parliamentary letter as to the antidote to the editorial policy of his own newspaper.

It is true that the old proprietor may not have been a philanthropist. Like most of us he had a keen eye for profits. But being an individual and not a corporation, he preferred, as Mr. Donald has put it, "less profit to compromise with principle." The pity is that he was not more of a "strictly commercial person." For he might then have seen to it that the commercial side was as efficient and enterprising as the literary, and the collapse of

The Nineteenth Century and After.

more than one penny newspaper would have been avoided. The vital flaw in the old journalism was this: it had practically no business organization, except a cashier and an office for receiving advertisements and handing out weekly pay-envelopes to members of the staff.

This inherent weakness was revealed by the South African War. Some newspapers at once began to set their house in order. But it is not easy to rebuild when the ground is slipping under one's feet. Moreover, a rival had taken the field. Lord Northcliffe brought to the moribund business of journalism a capacity for organization, an instinct for the popular taste, an attention to detail, a generosity in expenditure, and a personal force and imagination which have transformed the Press. One by one the old barriers have fallen before his assault. Even *The Times*, over which Lord Northcliffe took control some years ago, has at last descended into the popular arena and stripped and bedecked itself for the fight for "the greatest circulation."

What other changes are in store no one who has been in the machine would be rash enough to prophesy. We may yet see the newspaper that costs not even a halfpenny, but is the free gift of the great advertisers through a Trust. This is one vision of the commercial journalist. And there are other dreamers who look to the coming of a newspaper which shall know neither party nor advertiser—a newspaper without a cause or a principle. To some people this may seem perfection, but perfection is one of the things that the world can easily dispense with—even in its newspapers.

William Maxwell.

## OUR ALTU.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

## CHAPTER XIV.

Alty mournfully doffed her holiday gear, made a pretence of partaking of the ensuing meal, and at its conclusion set off ostensibly for Hawthorn Farm.

But once outside of her own home, she wheeled, and ran swiftly in the direction of the sand-hills.

"'Tis no use," she said to herself half-sobbingly, as she hastened along, "I can't do my work to-day. I mun see him—I mun know how 'tis to be betwixt us arter this. I mun tell him how it all coom about!"

Surely her first duty was now to the man to whom she would have been married had it not been for her untimely encounter with John Fazackerly; she must set herself right in his eyes, at the risk of lowering herself in those of other people.

John's words of the morning still rang uncomfortably in her ears: "Some lasses makes mistakes." He would say this was a mistake, that she ought not to seek out Dennis in this way, even in broad daylight when there were plenty of folks about, though the promise originally exacted only referred to the stolen interviews of early morn and late eve. Oh, she hated the necessity for concealment; if Dennis were bent on an elopement she scarcely knew how she should go through with it. It would be impossible to deceive Grandma again. It was all miserable, and most miserable of all was the uncertainty as to the mood in which she should find the lover whom she had so cruelly disappointed.

The door of the bungalow was open, and as she approached she could see Dennis seated by the table, his chin supported on his hands, apparently lost in thought. He started when she

tapped at the door, then, rising, came quickly towards her.

"Well, Alty," he asked, "did you change your mind?"

To Alty's surprise and relief he did not seem very angry; on the contrary, his face wore a tolerant, indeed, almost amused, smile.

"I—I—I scarce know how to tell yo'," Alty began falteringly.

"Your heart failed you at the last, I suppose," he suggested, "or was it Grandma?"

"It was Mester Fazackerly," cried she, plunging into her confession. "He met me on the road and offered to drive me in's trap and I—I—I reckon I didn't ought to ha' agreed, but I couldn't think o' no excuse, an' I had my parcel an' all——"

"What parcel?" inquired he, still smiling.

"Why, my things!" said Alty. "The few things I knowed I'd want."

"Oh," said Dennis, looking oddly discomfited, "yes—of course—of course you'd want some things—I was forgetting."

"Didn't yo' bring yo'r things too?" asked she, in surprise.

"Yes, to be sure. I left mine at the station."

An unexpected flush overspread his face, and he continued quickly:

"But I couldn't see anything of you or your things, Alty."

"Eh, I'm just tellin' yo'," said Alty. "I had to get into the trap, and when we coom to Liverpool, I couldn't get shut o' Mester Fazackerly. He stuck to me same as a leech, do what I would. Why, we went together to Foster's, an' he followed me about all the time, an' wouldn't so much as let me buy a hairpin wi'out he wer' at

my elbow. I couldn't shake him off."

She broke off, startled by a sudden giggle from Dennis.

"I can't help it," he explained hastily. "I didn't really mean to laugh—only there is something rather comical about the idea of my cooling my heels in the street, while you were buying hairpins with Fazackerly! Hairpins too! He doesn't strike me as being a man who would be a good judge of hairpins."

"Eh, I had to buy summat as an excuse," rejoined she wrathfully. "I can't see as it's any laughin' matter. I was soom mad w' Farmer Fazackerly—a reg'lar spoil-sport he is! He done it o' purpose to prevent me meetin' yo'."

The smile faded from Dennis's face.

"You don't mean to say you've been letting out anything to him!" he exclaimed; then, seeing Alty's lips open for an indignant denial, he continued hastily: "No, of course you haven't! I only mean I hope he didn't suspect——"

"I think he had some kind o' notion as I wer' expectin' to meet soombry," said Alty, "but he doesn't know 'tis yo'. How could he?—I never named yo' to him. But he does know as soombry at camp was walkin' w' me," she added slowly.

"He knows that!" said Dennis, aghast. "Alty, I'm afraid we haven't been careful enough."

"Careful!" repeated Alty, "dear o' me, we've been that careful I feel a reg'lar humbug! I feel that deceitful I can scarce look honest folk i' th' face. If we are to make a fresh start I welly think it 'ud be best to say out plain as we'n made up our minds to get wed, an' we'll stick to it."

"It isn't so easy as you seem to think," he rejoined, aggrieved. "I've told you why, over and over again. I don't see why you need speak in that aggressive tone, Alty. It's not my

fault if the thing didn't come off this morning. I was there all right."

"Eh, I know that," she returned with instant penitence. "I didn't mean to be cross—only I'm one for likin' to be straightfor'ard. But 't isn't my fault neither if we failed. I don't see how I could ha' acted different if I wasn't to let Mester Fazackerly guess. That's why I thought next time it 'ud be best to tell 'em all beforehand."

Dennis cleared his throat before replying:

"We shall have to wait a little before making up our minds what to do next. You see, even if you could have come with me this morning it mightn't have been such plain sailing as we thought. I *rather* think the fact of your not being of age might have complicated matters, and I believe I ought to have given notice. There are certain formalities to be gone through, even when one is married at a registry office."

"At a registry office!" echoed the girl, in angry surprise. "Was that what yo'd planned? Eh, I'd never have agreed to get married at a registry office! I'll never get married w'out it's in church," she added firmly.

"Well, you are a little goose!" returned he hotly. "You know very well that when people get married in church the banns have to be put up and all sorts of things. You *can't* have a secret marriage in church, nowadays."

"Then I'll not be married secret!" cried she. "'Tis just what I say. Eh, I'd not think mysel' married at all w'out 'twas in church."

"We seem to have been making mistakes all along," said Dennis.

He spoke in such a peculiar tone, and his face assumed so odd an expression that Alty was alarmed.

"I didn't mean to hurt yo'r feelin's," she said penitently. "I know you've a right to feel vexed w' me. To think o' me leadin' yo' sich a dance this



mornin'! Eh, I can't but think the way yo' was standin' in street lookin' out for me so eager——"

The very memory seemed painful to Dennis now; he flushed and turned away his face, as a girl might have done. In the pause which ensued, the unexpected sounds of approaching feet fell upon their ears, and Dennis turned quickly to the little window:

"There are people coming," he exclaimed, "a whole lot of people! My governor and the mater, I do believe—Burgess put them on the scent, as I knew she would! . . . And two girls! Good heavens—it is she!"

"Who?" asked Alty, but Dennis, in a violent state of excitement, ignored the question.

"Of all unlucky things that you should be here!" he exclaimed. "Pop into the next room, quick, you can slip out by the further door as soon as they come in here. Don't make a sound whatever you do!"

He hustled Alty into the adjoining room, closed the door quickly, and went out to meet the approaching party.

"Hullo, mother," he cried cheerfully, "this is a surprise! Well, father—come to hunt me up, have you?"

"Yes, we've come to look you up," was the reply, delivered rather grimly.

"Iris, is that you?" went on Dennis's voice; then, with the sudden characteristic dropping of tone which Alty knew so well, he proceeded: "Can this be CEnone?"

The name conveyed nothing to Alty, but the inflection of his voice aroused her curiosity.

Stepping to the window she peered out from behind the curtain, her eyes passing swiftly from the fierce-looking old gentleman, the languid matron, and the pretty, slim young lady who accompanied them, to rest on the figure of a girl, who, standing a little apart from the others, was holding out her hand to the young man. She was very pretty

indeed, small and slight and very fair, with hair almost babyish in texture and color, curling softly round her brow, and the little tip-tilted nose which seemed to give piquancy to her face. Everything about her was exquisitely dainty: the hat, coquettishly worn, though plain, as was the tailor-made dress which displayed so advantageously the graceful lines of the little figure. The hand, which Dennis now took with an air of admiring respect, was gloved to a nicety; the short skirt revealed feet and ankles as faultless as the boots which enclosed them. With a fierce spasm of jealousy, Alty was conscious of the figure she must herself present in her faded print, her crushed pinafore, her rather battered chip hat.

Footsteps now sounded in the adjoining room, the scraping of chairs on the wooden floor: she was free to depart. She crossed the room cautiously, groping blindly through angry tears for the door-handle; but though this duly turned, the door did not yield, and she realized with a shock that the key was missing. Dennis probably never went out that way and had not observed its absence: there was no possibility of egress except through the room in which the company was now assembled. There was nothing for it in consequence but to wait patiently till the guests should have departed, unwillingly playing the part of eavesdropper the while.

"You see," a gentle voice was saying, "when we saw the arrival of the *Lusitania* in the paper last night, father and I thought it would be nice to meet dear CEnone in Liverpool and take you by surprise!"

"But I never knew that CEnone was coming by the *Lusitania*," said Dennis; to Alty's strained ears, his voice sounded nervous and unlike itself.

Poor Mr. Dennis! He couldn't keep the secret much longer now! He couldn't let them carry on as if

he were a free man. Eh, it would be awful when he came out wi't before them all.

"Enone took us by surprise, too," said another voice, speaking with a curious little accent unlike any which Alty had ever heard.

"And we thought it would be so delicious to meet in Liverpool and take you by storm, darling," said the first voice, which Alty conjectured to be that of Dennis's mother.

The old gentleman cleared his throat raspingly, but made no comment. And then another voice struck in, soft and sweet, yet speaking with an accent too.

"Yes, I kind of took a sudden fancy to come. I feel like that sometimes; so I made my maid pack, and we just came straight away. I wired to Iris from Queenstown. Colonel and Mrs. Royton only turned up to-day. You see, I was so tickled by this notion of your trying the simple life all by yourself, I felt I must come and see how you did it."

"You seem to do it very comfortably," chimed in the lady called Iris. "This is a real cunning little parlor."

"Yes," said Miss Enone, "I'm vurry much taken with this bachelor establishment of yours."

Dennis murmured something in a tone too low for Alty to hear, but he ended with the assertion, "That would be more to the point."

"H'm," rejoined Enone, "making up for lost time, aren't you? You haven't been what I call eager till now."

"I hadn't seen you," returned Dennis.

He spoke very softly, but Alty caught the words, and stood transfixed until she realized that he must be just trying to carry things off, not liking to speak out plainly, perhaps, before that severe-looking old gentleman, his father.

"I guess Dennis thought the more,"

said the second young lady. "You had a reminder, hadn't you? I saw to that."

"I was real vexed when I heard of it," observed Enone, with a little laugh. "It was a most ridiculous idea! Who in the world could be expected to think of a person every hour."

Again Alty started: the watch! They were talking of the watch. In her simplicity she clutched the bracelet beneath her sleeve, grasping it closely. Her world was turning topsy-turvy, but this at least was tangible—a pledge given her to keep until Dennis asked for it back again. It was a comfort to her that this time he made no audible answer.

Could she have seen through the thin wooden partition, however, and taken note of the glance by which that young gentleman had, in spite of his secret discomfort, managed to respond to the query, her relief would have been short-lived.

"I feel quite a cooriosity to see that watch," pursued Enone. "I never gave Iris leave to send it to you, in fact I rather think I shall take possession of it now. Take it off, please, and let me look at it."

"Oh, I'm not wearing it," said Dennis very quickly. "A watch-bracelet wouldn't fit in with the simple life, you see. Besides—I don't need it."

"There's not much simple life about this parlor," remarked Iris, jumping up. "Is the other room fitted up as elegantly as this?"

Before Dennis could stop her she had thrown open the door of his bedroom, revealing to the astonished sight of all present the alarmed figure of Alty, vainly endeavoring to huddle herself out of sight.

"I didn't know you had visitors," said Iris primly.

"My dear Dennis!" exclaimed Mrs. Royton; while the old Colonel, rising from his chair, inquired in ferocious

tones: "What is that young female doing in there, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," rejoined Dennis, after a gasp of angry amazement. "It's the girl who brings my washing. I didn't know she was there."

"Yon door was locked," stammered Alty; "I couldn't get out unless I passed all the gentry."

She was hurt to the heart's core by his demeanor, but was too staunch to betray him.

Colonel Royton glanced quickly at his wife, who replied by a faint raising of the eyebrows and an imperceptible nod. He sat down, biting his white moustache. Mrs. Iris raised her eyebrows too: only CEnone sat swinging herself in Dennis's rocking-chair, apparently unperturbed.

"What a funny way they talk about here," she said. "I like to hear them talk. Where do you live, girl?"

Alty set her lips angrily, and jerked her thumb in the direction of her home.

"Make her talk," said CEnone coaxingly to Dennis; "she won't do it for me."

"Do you want to take any things back with you?" asked Dennis, scarcely knowing what he said.

Alty shook her head. He looked at her meaningly, but she stood her ground; his attitude had roused a spirit of defiance within her. She, Dennis's promised wife, was not going to be ordered off the premises because he was ashamed of her, any more than she was to be made talk like a poll parrot for the amusement of that impudent little snicket who looked at her as though she were the dirt under her feet.

The lady called Iris, Dennis's cousin by marriage, now intervened, with what was meant to be a tactful change of subject.

"But what about that watch?" she

asked. "Come, Dennis, it must be here, somewhere, I suppose. I vurry much want CEnone to see what a pretty thing it is. My idea entirely, you know—she'll be tickled to death with it."

"Let me see—it's here—of course it's here," rejoined Dennis, going hastily to his toilet-table and pulling out aimlessly, first one, and then the other, of the little drawers.

CEnone sat up straight in the rocking-chair.

"It don't seem to have much value if you can't even tell where it is."

"I know it's here, somewhere," repeated Dennis, wandering distractedly about the room. He was at his wits' ends. Even if he could have surreptitiously got re-possession of the trinket from Alty, the fact of the absence of the photograph would be more damning than a seeming lapse of memory as to the whereabouts of the safe place in which it had been bestowed.

CEnone yawned slightly, and then rose to her feet: "Isn't it about time to get back to Liverpool?" she asked, addressing her sister. "I don't think I've much use for the simple life, after all."

Mrs. Royton uttered a pleading moan, and the Colonel, striding into the inner room, hissed angrily in his son's ear:

"What are you about, you young fool: she'll slip through your fingers in a minute."

Then Alty—poor guileless Alty—came to the rescue, as she thought. Hastily slipping off the bracelet, she stepped behind the old gentleman and endeavored to drop it into a drawer; but the quick eyes of the young American lady saw the movement and detected also the fury with which Dennis turned upon the girl.

"This is really the limit!" she remarked. "Mr. Royton valued your present so little, Iris, you see, that he

bestowed it on the girl who brings the washing."

"I didn't give it her," said Dennis savagely.

"Of course he didn't give it," echoed Colonel Royton. "The girl has no business to be here. It's my belief she stole the thing."

"It's very sad to think of anyone being so wicked," murmured Mrs. Royton, "but you know, dear, Burgess told us that she saw her ferreting among dear Dennis's things yesterday morning. No wonder the poor dear boy couldn't find his precious watch."

"You'd better own up, young woman!" cried the father fiercely. "Come, own up! And no further notice shall be taken of the matter. If not——"

"I didn't steal it," said Alty. Her lips moved stiffly, her voice sounded as though it belonged to another person; there seemed to be a leaden weight upon her eyes. She couldn't bring herself to turn them upon the man who had professed himself to be her lover. Why did he not speak?

"We have heard my son say he did not give it to the girl," said Mrs. Royton. "We have Dennis's word for it, my dear—that ought to be enough for anybody. Don't you think we might let her go now?"

"No," rejoined the old gentleman angrily. "Iris and her sister have a right to know the whole truth. We cannot allow our boy to rest under the imputation of—of—well, confound it, Lucy, you know very well what I mean! This girl has got to own up and clear him. Do you dare set your word against Mr. Royton's?" he added, turning quickly to Alty. "Do you dare pretend that he gave you that watch?"

"I never said he give it me," said Alty doggedly.

"Then how did you come to have it?" pursued he, throwing out an im-

perative forefinger. "What's the use of keeping up a silly pretence of innocence? You were found here yesterday morning when the house was empty, fingering my son's things. We find you here again to-day when even he did not know you were anywhere near the place. You must account for yourself—you must tell us what you were doing here. Let us hear at least what kind of story you make out."

Alty caught her underlip with her teeth to still its trembling, but remained persistently mute. Let them think what they liked of her, let them say what they had a mind to say—since Dennis did not take her part the opinion of these strangers made little difference; but she, Alty, would not break her word for any of them: she would not betray Dennis by so much as a glance.

"It's all vurry peccoliar," remarked Cenone plaintively.

The veins on the choleric old gentleman's forehead stood out like whipcord; he rammed his hat fiercely on his head and made for the door.

"I'll take the car to the nearest police station," he said. "I'll give this girl in charge. I told your chauffeur, Iris, to bring the car up this way as near as he could to these d—d hills. He must be there. Here—hi!—chauffeur—what's his confounded name?"

"Briggs," responded the young woman; "but really——"

"Briggs," shouted Royton, interrupting her with a stentorian bellow. "Hi—Briggs, are you there?"

He whistled loudly. A distant voice was uplifted in answer. Dennis clutched his father by the arm.

"Don't, father. Oh, hang it. This is outrageous! I'll—I'll stake my life the girl is no thief."

"She'll have to prove it then," retorted the Colonel. "Don't be a fool, Dennis. Remember your honor, sir, your honor.—Oh, is that you, Briggs?"

A stalwart figure in chauffeur's livery now appeared plying its way towards them.

"I want to go to the nearest police station," shouted Colonel Royton, going to meet him. "Do you know where to find one?"

"No, sir, but I can inquire," responded the chauffeur with dignity.

"How am I to make sure this creature doesn't escape, though," cried the old man, struck by a sudden thought. "Dennis, it is your duty——"

"Don't count on me," interrupted

Dennis sulkily. "I'm no policeman."

"The women are no good," muttered the Colonel. "I'd better take the car myself and leave you in charge, Briggs. Ah, no"—catching the expression on the man's face—"it's best for me to stay here; you take the car and fetch a policeman. There are policemen to be had even in these country villages."

While the man stood hesitating, Alty made a sudden step forward, uttering a cry:

"Mester Fazackerly!"

*(To be continued.)*

## THE EVENING RISE.

When July days are hot and still, the angler who is a lover of all the beauty and interest that Nature has to show him may find much pleasure and content in his saunter through the water-meadows, along the banks of some silver stream flowing clear and placid from the chalk. The wild-flowers have grown to an extravagant height and their umbels are bright and beautiful. The spear-grass is of a stature that incommodes his casting most exasperatingly. He has all the delight of watching his fellow-creatures who love the river and the river-side life—the ruddy-furred water-rats daintily slicing the aquatic herbage as an epicure might take his celery, the wagtails busily searching, the dabchicks instantly diving at his approach, the reed-buntings and warblers choiring and scolding among the sedges, the moorhens uttering strange and strangely various cries and affecting an alarm which cannot be very real, the swifts and divers little people of the swallow tribe scouring the air and now and then catch-up an aquatic fly off the very surface of the stream. All these and

a hundred more pleasant incidents relieve the fisherman's leisure, but as for the actual catching of the trout, or even as for the active casting for them, he is likely to find little of that to occupy him. There is often enough some fly, be it only the spent imagines of the olives or the smuts, coming down the water on these summer days, but the fish do not seem to be in eager appetite for them. Here and there, once in a mile or so perhaps, in some shady place under the bank, a trout may be found rising, and of these rare risers one or two, by very careful fishing, may yet more rarely be caught. But it needs a very stealthy approach, a fly, with no gut passing over the fish's head, pitched just exactly right, and at the very first offer. Even so it is not unlikely that the trout may have caught a glint from the rod, no matter how low it be kept in the horizontal cast, which is the only mode giving any hope of success, and will be off, or, at least, will cease feeding and be supernaturally watchful for future happenings, even if it do not take itself off at the first alarm. On the whole, the fisher will not do ill, on



such a day as this, if he find himself, towards four or five o'clock, with a brace of good fish to his credit. They are likely to be good, for at this season there is little fear of catching them in any but their best condition. They should be thick and heavy and give fine sport and several thrilling moments of anxiety before they come home quietly to the net.

But all this while, in this day of little things, all its incidents and all its disappointments will be pictured to the angler's mind on a background of pleasant anticipation, for always he will be looking forward with a subconscious satisfaction to the evening rise. That is the glad hour for which, at this high summer-tide of the year, the rest of the day's twenty-four hours are lived.

It behoves the angler, for the unspoilt enjoyment of these perfect moments, to frame the arrangement of this day so that nothing shall interfere with them. To the man of cities and of sophisticated modern ways, it will appear at once as a provision of Nature eminently inconvenient that the trout should select for their own principal meal during the day that hour at which it is incumbent on civilized human beings to dine. It is perhaps not the least of the delights of this evening rise that it almost enforces a temporary sloughing off of those rules of civilization which bid a man bring all things to conform with his dinner-hour, rather than reduce that great function of the day to the relatively humble rank of the movable feasts and alter it into harmony with other needs. Briefly, he must here conform his dinner-hour to that of the trout, and since by no persuasion of his may they be induced to change their hour, he must perforce change his own. That leaves him with an option, whether to dine heartily, let us say, at 5.30—an outrage on modern propriety and a re-

turn to mediæval custom which will be found surprisingly easy of achievement, provided nothing in the way of five o'clock tea be so much as thought of. If he decides upon this course, he will find that a slice of plain cake and a whiskey-and-soda may be taken, without fear of insomnia after a long day in the open air, by way of a final nightcap before going to bed. Or there is another mode by which he may attain the same great object of leaving the evening hours—from 6.30 until dusk—free for his fishing, and that is by a solid tea, fortified with a brace of boiled eggs or even a rasher of that satisfying bacon which the village "public" will be able to provide, about five o'clock, and then a supper of cold meat, partaken of with such restraint of a voracious appetite as his self-control may command, when he returns to take his ease at his inn at nightfall. It is not for me to indicate to the angler which of these two alternatives it would be wiser for him to adopt. His decision is likely to be prompted by local circumstances and by the opportunities of finding the one or the other of the meals suggested, and also in part by the promptings of his own appetite and digestion. The great point achieved is that in either event he is a freeman, bound by no convention of civilization or hand of clock, with the whole long summer evening at his disposal, from six o'clock, let us say, onward.

And now he walks down to the river-side, through the lush water-meadows: the birds are very alert in those few hours before sunset; the reed-buntings and warblers scold at him as he breaks his way through their fastnesses of sedge and spear-grass, the red-shanks rise from the grass and circle about his head with their thin plaintive cry, the snipe go "chuck-chucking" away before him and work in great spirals up to heaven,

cutting circles upon the sky, the dab-chick is feverishly busy covering her eggs with the wet water-weed before she dives off her nest and becomes invisible. All these and many more friends of the fisherman he may see as he makes his way towards that bend where he has it in mind to begin, if not his active operations, at all events his expectant observations. That is the virtue of selecting a bend for this purpose, that it gives a double outlook, up and also down the river; but the angler will do wisely to make this point of starting as far down the stream as may conveniently be, for he will of course wish to work his way against the current, approaching the fish, which lie with head up-stream, from behind.

It is likely that there will be no definite rise of fly at the first moment of your coming to the river-bank (having conducted you thither, reader, I now propose to address you in a more personal way), but all through these summer days there is a little flotsam, an occasional spent fly or insect of some kind or other, borne down by the silvery current, always an excuse for a stray fish to come on the feed if so disposed; and it is probable enough that somewhere, either up or down, you may see that attractive circle, dimpling the water, which gives notice of a rising fish breaking the surface. So, with many pains and keeping very low—for the sun, too, is low, and with this angle of light the vision of the fish seems very clear and far-carrying—you may get yourself into position for casting to this occasional riser, and once there it is "up to you," as an American would tell you, to see whether you or the fish are the cleverer at this game at which you are engaging him. As a matter of fact, the odds are rather heavy against you. I am inclined to look at a fish thus rising, at this particular hour, as the

most difficult, other things being equal, that you will angle for throughout the day. This is partly because of that low angle of the evening light, which seems to make all so very clear to the trout's eye, and partly because the wind has a way of dying off to nothing at this sunsetting hour; and this, naturally, makes the water-mirror, in which the fish has its most extended view, the clearer, because the less vexed by any ripple. It is devoutly to be wished, for your present, or at least your slightly later, purpose, that that normal death of the wind at sunset may happen on this particular evening; for if it do not so die there will be none of that aerial dance of the spinners—the imagines of the aquatic flies in the last phase of their many metamorphoses—on which the true evening rise depends and in which, indeed, it may be said absolutely to consist. If the air be still, you may conjecture with some confidence that they are high in the heavens now, having crawled out from the reeds and grass whither they had betaken themselves in that penultimate phase in which the angler calls them duns, and are now multitudinously busy in their bridal dances. Thereafter they will fall back again upon that stream in which, as larvæ, they came forth from the egg, and it is then that the trout, greedily feeding on them, afford the angler that sometimes most glorious of all his opportunities which he speaks of with deep reverence and emotion as "the evening rise."

Look now a moment, seeing that that fish you are in position to angle for has not shown you a hint of his presence since that first cast when your fly lighted as buoyantly as a piece of thistledown just before his nose—accept his irresponsiveness as an inkling that even so he has caught sight of something, the gleam of the rod or the glitter of the gut, and even

if he has not quitted his place has become watchful and ceased to feed—and leaving him to his sulks, glanced up at the high heaven, already turning to a more profound blue, above you. There, if it should so happen that you see the swifts scouring beneath the vault, you may draw good augury therefrom, as though you were of those auspices or bird-seers of old of whom Cicero, in a quite unwonted vein of cynicism, wrote that he could not imagine how two of them might pass in the streets of Rome without a conscious mutual grin at the thought of the deceptions that they had practised on the credulous citizens. The augury that I should be supposed to draw on this occasion, being July, is of a dance of blue-winged olives, and the pleasant further inference that a little later you will be seeing that large fly in numbers on the water and the fish rising freely to it. That is agreeable augury; on the other hand, there is no necessity that you should deem fortune to be your foe even if you should see no insect-eating birds in the air, and we have had many a glorious hour or half-hour when there has been none of this overhead concourse of the birds.

And while you pass the time in these more or less profitable reflections, the reflections on the placid stream are deepening in their tone. There is a "splosh" behind you. You turn, to see a big ring growing ever bigger in circumference, while it loses depth, on the river's surface. "A blue olive rise without a doubt!" you may say to yourself with some confidence, for this is the manner of the trout at this particular fly—they bolt it as savagely as it were a sedge. You may begin to move into position for the "splusher," but first must tie on that orange quill which is the approved imitation of the spent blue-wing; and before you have that knotted securely there is an-

other "splosh" a little above, and the gillie exclaims, excited, "That one's a good fish." Therefore, for that good fish, all being now in readiness, prepare to cast.

The light has fallen more dim and more favorable for you now: you will, of course, if it be possible, be on the side of the river from which you can cast into the face of the brightly lit western sky. Thus may you see your fish and your fly the better, and the fish less well see you and your rod and their shadow. Moreover, the fish are eager now—see, there is another riser again with the like "splosh," a little higher—they are intent on watching for the fly and there is less risk of giving them the alarm. That first cast did not get him, for the very good reason that the fly did not pass over him, and that, likely enough, not from any fault at all of yours, but merely because he had moved a foot or more, so keen and hungry was he, to get that natural fly which came down just in front of yours. But now he should see that, as you give it at the second venture—he has it! An upstream rush, and a scream out of the reel: it is good to see a fish rush upstream from your stroke; it is a sign that the hook has gone well home in him. He tires of that: he tries a big jump into the air. Lower the rod-point to him now, so that the cast may go slack and so there be the less danger of the fish breaking if he fall upon it as he comes back to the water; and with that danger past it is likely that he will change his tactics and will consent to accompany you a certain distance down-stream. A run and a plunge or two more, and he is tired and you may reel him in for the gillie to extract him with the net. Do not trouble to be too gentle with him, for you will know, unless you be of the number of very foolish anglers, that your gut is good, and the fish are now

rising here and there, in all directions, up and down the river. The rise is well on, and each moment of it is more precious than fine gold.

With a few flicks in the air the well-oiled fly should be dry again, and now your trouble is likely to be, not so much to approach the fish, as to put your fly well over him because of his quick movement after the natural fly, so that you hardly know whether a foot this way or a foot that will find him. But once you get the invitation to him, he has no doubt at all about accepting it, and he comes for your fly with such fury that there is no doubt about his hooking. You scarcely need to strike, for he will almost fasten the hook into himself, as if he were a salmon, as he dashes off to seek another fly.

And so the time may go, and go all to quickly, as the fish snatch the morsels of this abundant banquet. It may go thus until darkness is over all the land, and even on the shining river you can only hear, and can no longer see, the rises of the still ravenous fish. That may be; and in circumstances such as these we have known an angler coming in with eight fish, averaging just the level two pounds apiece, from such an evening's adventure. But these are not the normal days: if they were, then fishing with the dry fly would be an affair of less glorious uncertainty and demanding less fine skill, withal, than it is. Often as not the rise will die out as quickly as it came. On a sudden, as if on some order from a higher power, there is a cessation of the eager splashes and the face of the river is serenely untroubled as before. Again, there are times when all looks well, when the air is calm and warm, and yet, for reasons humanly inscrutable, the insects do not find it suited for their mazy dances. Then there is little fly to tempt up the fish, and

scarcely a rise is seen during all those fervently expectant moments. Naturally, should the evening come in cold and windy no expectation will be aroused. You may resign yourself, with what philosophy you can, to something so like a blank that if you break it with a brace or even a single fish, you may be more than satisfied. There are even days in succession on which the "evening rise" may be no better than a "Mrs. Harris," and you will begin to say to yourself in classic phrase that you "don't believe there's no such person." And then, to rebuke your little faith, to restore your lost enthusiasm, comes an evening to be marked with all the letters of the rubric. Most maddening of all, however, yet not most rare of all the varieties of these evenings' entertainments, is one on which the fish are rising furiously, not quite indeed with that perturbing splash upon the water which is their special mode of taking the blue-winged olive, but with a swift break of the surface that is not quite what the angler technically calls a "bulge," and yet is so far like it that it is made by the fish taking some insect just below the surface. In these circumstances you begin with hopes raised to fever-point, gradually passing down all the descending degrees of disappointment, as fish after fish declines the slightest notice of your fly, though passing right above their greedily feeding heads, until you reach that depth of stark despair in which an angler has been seen casting from him his ineffectual rod, to take up pebbles from the river-bank and throw with stone the fish that he may have the moderate satisfaction, if not of catching, at least of scaring them.

That is the evening rise at its worst and most exasperating, even as that experience of which we took a sample first is the most blissful. The mean,

which is the most usual, gives us a fish or two, caught with much care and patience in its earlier hour, and then, as the dusk descends, we may fasten a big sedge-fly on a stout cast, and cast it at the fish almost with as much of a plop as we please. Even so it can hardly make more troubling of the water than do the big natural sedge-flies, and as the darkness deepens the fish seem even to like their notice attracted by the commotion with which the fly comes on the water. Thus we may catch a fine fish or two; for the big fish deign to rise for these big flies. But it is not the most delicate sample of this most delicate of all forms of sport. The sedge-fly rise is more or less the duffer's holiday, yet perhaps on that very account not to be scorned of the multitude. For duffers, after

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all, are more in number than the experts.

Now it has grown too dark to see the rising fish: it is long since the light has given us a chance to see our fly, though the sedge is, relatively, a large insect, and the birds have long ceased chattering at the intruder on their homes among the spear-grass. The bats are coursing over the surface of the stream, for a moment visible against a shining stretch, then vanishing into the night: a bigger body is amongst them—it is the night-jar that we lately heard "jarring" in the meadow behind—and as we reel up, after the last of the "positively last" casts and go our homeward way we have the occasional ghost-like apparition of the white owl, in silent, soft-winged flight, to bear us company.

Horace Hutchinson.

## POETS AS PATRIOTS.

"In my heart of hearts," Mr. W. B. Yeats tells us in "Ideas of Good or Evil," "I have never been quite certain that . . . even patriotism is more than an impure desire in an artist." It is a saying that on the surface appears arrogant and insulting to common men. It is like maintaining that religion or the love of children is an "impure desire" in an artist. It is an assertion of the artist's aloofness from the passions for which men die or work themselves to the bone or shout themselves hoarse in music-halls. It is the logic of the artistic egoism which in the nineteenth century led a number of poets or painters to announce to a world of churchgoing tradesmen the doctrine of art for art's sake. That doctrine, once so young and fair, is now but a poor patched beggar at the doors of the studios—a victim of the bludgeonings of its enemies and of the fickleness of the artists them-

selves, who must have a new formula as often as a woman a new hat. It was a silly doctrine and, perhaps, deserved no better fate. On the other hand, silly though it was, it was merely a lying way of stating a truth. It was on its reasonable side a protest against the subordination of art to theology or ethics or politics any more than to mathematics. There is no doubt that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred theologians and moralists and politicians cannot help regarding art as something which never rises in seriousness above a game of dominoes except when it expresses some theological, moral or political conviction of their own. This is not the case today, perhaps, so much as it used to be. But I have no doubt there are still pious clergymen who regret that Keats did not write like Keble and who consider an afternoon much more nobly spent in looking at the pictures of



Doré than of Turner. There has always been a tendency to disparage the imagination except when it was obviously in the service of some cause. It is as though an astronomer were to contend that poetry began and ended with: The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,

The Virgin and the Scales.

Now, poetry in its origin was probably quite as much a teacher's aid to the memory as an artist's appeal to the imagination. When modern preachers and teachers demand of it that it shall be first and foremost rhymed propaganda, they are at least no worse than the savages. I am, I admit, something of a savage myself in having a fondness for propaganda in verse, provided the verse is good. I think a very fine anthology of propagandist poetry might be made, beginning no further back than Shelley's "Song to the Men of England" and coming down to Mr. Henry Lawson's rhetorical hymns to young Australia. On the other hand, we must never substitute propagandist for poetic standards. There is no reason why anybody should not prefer the poetry of Whittier to the poetry of Baudelaire, so long as he does not deceive himself into thinking it is better poetry. That, however, is the kind of distinction no enthusiast likes to make. To admit that his favorite poet is an inferior poet would seem to him to be the last word in infidelity. Clearly, when Mr. Yeats published his declaration of independence as an artist, for the passage I have quoted is simply that, he was in revolt against an environment in which propagandist and poetic standards were commonly regarded as interchangeable. "The Spirit of the Nation" was considered to be not only good patriotism but good poetry. In the eyes of the politician, "Fontenoy" or "The Anti-Irish Irishman" must have seemed even as poetry worth a

tornado of "The Wind among the Reeds."

Mr. Yeats's suspicions of patriotism are defensible, then. But they are defensible only in so far as they are a defence of art against the claims of propagandism. He has a right to insist that the poet is not primarily a teacher of patriotism. He has no right to ask the poet to cut himself off from those eager emotions which Aeschylus must have felt when he gave instructions that the words, "He fought at Marathon," should be inscribed on his tomb, and which Shakespeare must have felt when he praised his country as:

This other Eden, demi-paradise . . .  
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious gem set in the silver sea.

At the same time, even if Mr. Yeats took up the extreme anti-patriotic position—and we know that he does not—he might make up an alarmingly strong case for it. He might point to the fact, for example, that, if you turn to any good anthology of verse, you will find hardly any patriotic poems in it. There is scarcely a hint of the lyric rapture of patriotism in all "The Golden Treasury." When Beaumont goes into Westminster Abbey, it is not to sing the praise of the greatness of England, but to meditate lugubriously on the tombs:

Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heaps of stones;  
Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their hands.

Perhaps this is the essential mood of the poet. He is more likely to be struck by the littleness than by the greatness of man the conqueror. He is not concerned with the puffed-up patriotism that serves the purpose of leader-writers. He loves his country poetically rather than politically, and would feel as ashamed of addressing

fatuous praises to it as he would of addressing fatuous praises to his mother. Some of the Victorian poets did, I admit, adopt the policy of fatuous remarks. But they were not the greatest of the Victorian poets. It was Tennyson and not Browning—Mr. Kipling and not Francis Thompson—who were the oracles of what might be called the platform and newspaper patriotism of their time. And, regarded as poetry, what does it all amount to? There is more of the immortal beauty of England compressed into a few brief non-political lines of Shakespeare, such as, "Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings!" than in all the big-drum music of Tennyson and Kipling put together. There seems to us nowadays to be something almost comic about poetry like Tennyson's:

You ask me why, though ill at ease,  
Within this region I subsist,  
Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
And languish for the purple seas.

It is a rheumatic sort of patriotism. But, even when the poet forgets his pains in his patriotism, his praise of his country does not express the ecstasy of the seer so much as the creed of a comfortable Whig after a good dinner. "It is," he replies to his imaginary questioner:

It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
The land, where girt with friends or  
foes,

A man may speak the thing he will.

A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where Freedom broadens slowly  
down

From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
But by degrees to fullness wrought,  
The strength of some diffusive  
thought

Hath time and space to work and  
spread.

That, surely, is not poetry, but  
merely the rhymed commonplaces of

the platform. Patriotic poetry can only justify itself as poetry when it possesses an emotional appeal even for those who do not belong to the poet's country, just as religious poetry can only justify itself as poetry when it possesses an emotional appeal even for those who do not belong to the poet's creed. Can one imagine the inhabitant of any country in Europe outside England being infected with enthusiasm by "You ask me why?" As a matter of fact even the patriotism of the poem is dubious, for Tennyson ends with a threat that, if free speech is interfered with in England, he will abandon his country for "the palms and temples of the South." Perhaps, in the case of Mr. Kipling also, it is the kind of patriotism that disturbs us no less than the kind of poetry. He seems somehow or other to confuse patriotism with spitting over the ship's side and sago-swamps and all sorts of inappropriate and external things. Poetically, as Mr. Chesterton has often contended, he is something of an alien in England. He is a kind of altchless prophet of the Colonial and India Offices.

There must surely be some reason for the infrequency of good patriotic poetry in England. Probably, in the last analysis, nearly all good poetry is patriotic just as nearly all good work of any kind is patriotic. One does not serve one's country best by talking about it but by going about one's business. Still, one would expect service to overflow from action into words now and then, and it is a notable fact that, so far as the service of one's country is concerned, it does so much less frequently in England than, say, in Ireland. Perhaps, it is that success does not affect us emotionally to the same extent as failure. Poetry, like Cato, loves the defeated cause. It is easier to write a good poem to a rebel than to a Cabinet Minister. Somehow we

are never satisfied until we have pitted our heroes against the most enormous odds. In tragedy we pit them against destiny itself; in romance we like to make their enemies at least three to one against them. If we are too confident of their success or if their enemies do not seem to be particularly dangerous, we take things more or less for granted, and this is not the mood in which poetry is written. If King Lear had been as cautious and successful a monarch as Queen Victoria, Shakespeare could never have written a play about him. It may be that we demand an element of failure in our hero-countries as well. If Ireland had owned half the world and had had the ambassadors of the nations flocking to her chief city, it is almost inconceivable that Mangan could have addressed to her a poem of such intense and religious passion as "Dark Rosaleen." Let any one who doubts this examine the opening verses of the poem.

O my dark Rosaleen,

Do not sigh, do not weep!

The priests are on the ocean green,

They march along the deep.

There's wine from the royal Pope

Upon the ocean green;

And Spanish ale shall give you hope,

My dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,

My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales

Have I roamed for your sake;

All yesterday I sail'd with sails

On river and on lake.

The Erne, at its highest flood,

I dash'd across unseen,

For there was lightning in my blood,

My dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

O there was lightning in my blood,

Red lightning lighten'd through my blood,

My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,

To and fro do I move,

The very soul within my breast

Is wasted for you, love!

The heart in my bosom faints

To think of you, my queen,

My life of life, my saint of saints,

My dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

To hear your sweet and sad complaints,

My life, my love, my saint of saints,

My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,

Are my lot, night and noon,

To see your bright face clouded so,

Like to the mournful moon.

But yet will I rear your throne

Again in golden sheen;

'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,

My dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

'Tis you shall have the golden throne,

'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,

My dark Rosaleen!

I do not know any poem which makes of patriotism a rapturous music to the same degree as the poem of which these are the opening verses. Here is a mystical ecstasy more usual in saints than in patriots. This is not merely praise: it is worship. One can realize this aspect of it best by putting it by the side of a poem of what one may call common-sense patriotism like Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad," with its much-quoted ending:

"Here and here did England help me;

how can I help England?"—say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn

to God to praise and pray,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent  
over Africa.

It may be argued that the difference between these two poems is largely the difference between Catholic mysticism and Protestant rationalism. But I think it is more than that. It is the difference between a man's emotions about his country when it is the victim of calamity and a man's emotions about his country when it seems well enough already. It is the difference between the patriotism of redemption

and the patriotism one feels for a country which is not in apparent need of redemption. There is no reason why the patriotism of redemption should be impossible to an English poet except that very few poets seem to trouble about the affairs of their country so long as it is not manifestly under the heel of a foreign foe. As a matter of fact, English poets have only to take a sufficiently dismal view of the condition of their country to write very good poetry about her indeed. Shelley's "Mask of Anarchy" is good poetry, and so is Wordsworth's gloomy summons to the spirit of Milton. Blake, again, as he brooded over the golden age of England, of which he could ask:

And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
and as in misery over the Satanic possession of the country, he took an oath in words that one hopes will never lose their meaning through repetition, to help in the building of Jerusalem:

In England's green and pleasant land,  
gave expression to a visionary patriotism as wonderful in its way as Mangan's. There are no songs of satisfied patriotism that are equal to these. If one were making a selection of the twenty best poems of Swinburne or Francis Thompson, one would include some of their patriotic verse. Thompson's real mystic vision of England is recorded not in his Ode on the Diamond Jubilee, but in the lines in which he announces

Christ walking on the water  
Not of Gennesareth but Thames!

If we want, however, to discover the articulate religion of patriotism, we shall have to turn to Mickiewicz, the national poet of Poland, to whom his country was a country that died and that would rise again for the redemption of the world. As Miss Monica Gardner tells us in her biography of Mickiewicz, the Poles were in his im-

agination, as the Jews of old, "a chosen people, a race set apart and consecrated." Polish exiles were apostles. "The emigration," says Miss Gardner, "was in his eyes positively a sacred and a holy movement; its members were providentially scattered through the world to disseminate those spiritual tenets [of individual passion and self-sacrifice] and the love of sacrifice in a material age." Even in translation the passion of the faith burns through as in "The Prayer of the Pilgrim," which begins:

Lord God, Who canst do all things!  
The children of a warrior nation lift  
to Thee their disarmed hands from all  
the ends of the world. They cry to  
Thee from the depths of the mines of  
Siberia, and from the snows of  
Kamchatka, and from the deserts of  
Algeria, and from France, a foreign  
land. But in our own fatherland, in  
Poland, faithful to Thee, they may not  
cry to Thee; and our aged men, our  
women and our children pray to Thee  
in secret, with their thoughts and  
tears. God of the Jagiello! God of  
Sobieski! God of Kosciuszko! have  
pity on our country and on us. Grant  
us to pray again to Thee as our  
fathers prayed, on the battlefield with  
weapons in our hands, before an altar  
made of drums and cannons, beneath a  
canopy of our eagles and our flags.  
And grant unto our families to pray in  
the churches of our towns and families,  
and to our children to pray upon our  
graves. But let not our will but Thine  
be done.

It is possible—even probable—that Mickiewicz never achieved a miracle of literature as Mangan has done in "Dark Rosaleen." He has, however, set forth the liturgy of the adoration of one's country with something like genius. Perhaps the Japanese have, of all the prosperous nations, come nearest the religious sort of patriotism. Bushido is the chivalry of patriotism in the good, ancient sense. On the other hand, it is only fair to remember

that America, too, is a prosperous country that has been able in its way to produce a literary patriotism. Whitman is certainly one of the greatest patriot poets the world has ever seen. In his relations to his country, however, he is often less like a knight offering service to his divine mistress than a son slapping his mother on the back. It is as though he were congratulating Mother America on having so magnificent a son as he. Comic though in one respect his patriotism is, however, it is rapturous and imaginative and original. It differs from the patriotism of Mangan not so much in passionate force as in the fact that it is the assertion of the grandeur of the citizen instead of the worship of the ideal personification of a country. Other poets have made of the citizen a jest. Whitman gives him a glory as of the stars. His hymn of service is a hymn of praise to the good citizen:

Fall behind me, States!

A man before all—myself, typical, before all.

Give me the pay I have served for,  
Give me to sing the songs of the great  
Idea, take all the rest.

I have loved the earth, sun, animals, I  
have despised riches,

I have given alms to every one that  
asked, stood up for the stupid  
and crazy, devoted my income  
and labor to others,

Hated tyrants, argued not concerning  
God, had patience and indul-  
gence toward the people, taken  
off my hat to nothing known or  
unknown,

Given freely with powerful uneducated  
persons and with the young, and  
with the mothers of families,

Read these leaves to myself in the open  
air, tried them by trees, stars,  
rivers,

Dismiss'd whatever insulted my own  
soul or defil'd my body,

Claim'd nothing to myself which I have  
not carefully claim'd for others  
on the same terms,

Sped to the camps, and comrades  
found and accepted from every  
State,

(Upon this breast has many a dying  
soldier lean'd to breathe his last,  
This arm, this hand, this voice, have  
now sigh'd, rais'd, restor'd,  
To life recalling many a prostrate  
form);

I am willing to wait to be understood  
by the growth of the taste of  
myself,

Rejecting none, permitting all.

(Say, O mother, have I not to your  
thought been faithful?

Have I not through life kept you and  
yours before me?)

It is characteristic of Whitman's  
patriotism that having fallen into what  
a Metzscheen might consider the  
servile emotionalism of the last two  
lines, he should immediately retrieve  
himself with the old blustering boasts  
of individualism. "I swear," he cries:—  
I swear I begin to see the meaning of  
these things,

It is not the earth, it is not America  
who is so great,

It is I who am great, or to be great,  
it is You up there, or any one.

One has only to compare the mood  
of these lines with the mood of Man-  
gan's:—

I could scale the blue air,

I could plough the high hills,

O, I could kneel all night in prayer  
To heal your many ills,

in order to realize that there is as  
great a difference between the one and  
the other as there is between Mr. John  
Burns and St. Francis of Assisi. It  
may be open to argument which of the  
two kinds of patriotism, the knightly  
or the arrogant, is the more robust and  
desirable. There can hardly be any  
question, however, as to which of the  
two is the more spiritual and poetical.  
As a matter of fact, wonderful and sil-  
lencing as are the songs that Whitman  
made for triumphant America, even he  
had to turn to defeated causes for the  
material of the truest poetry in his



public verse. It was only when he sang of the lost revolutionaries of mid-century Europe that his politics became as lyrical as that more private passion which is articulate in the beautiful "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." Even those whose politics are poles apart from revolution feel the imaginative spell of those prophetic lines which bring "Europe" to an end:—

Meanwhile corpses lie in new-made  
graves, bloody corpses of young  
men,

The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily,  
the bullets of princes are flying,  
the creatures of power laugh  
aloud,

And all these things bear fruit, and  
they are good.

Those corpses of young men,  
Those martyrs that hang from the gib-  
bets, those hearts pierced by the  
gray lead,

Cold and motionless as they seem live  
elsewhere in unslaughter'd vi-  
tality.

They live in other young men, O  
Kings!

They live in brothers again ready to  
defy you,

They were purified by death, they were  
taught and exalted.

Not a grave of the murder'd for free-  
dom but grows seed for freedom,  
in its turn to bear seed,

Which the winds carry afar and re-  
sow, and the rains and the  
snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the  
weapons of tyrants let loose,

But it stalks invisibly over the earth,  
whispering, counselling, caution-  
ing,

Liberty, let others despair of you—I  
never despair of you.

Is the house shut? is the master away?  
Nevertheless, be ready, be not weary  
of watching,

He will return soon, his messengers  
come anon.

This is infinitely nearer the mood of  
sacrificial patriotism that we find in

Mickiewicz and the national poets  
than any of Whitman's directly patri-  
otic poetry. It is nearer the mood of  
the Hebrew poet who sang:—

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat  
down, yea, we wept: when we  
remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows  
in the midst thereof,

than are the native verses in which  
Whitman declares to the New World:—  
I but thee name, thee prophesy, as  
now,

I merely thee ejaculate!

It expresses the mood of exile, of exile  
from the golden age, which is the true  
fatherland of all poets, and it is be-  
cause amid all the robustness of  
his work the voice of the exile continu-  
ally makes itself heard, that his songs  
are not simply blatantly comfortable  
but magical. Loudly as he accepted the  
present, he awaited the renewal of the  
world's great age as faithfully and as  
excitedly as Shelley himself. He was  
at heart disturbed about his country,  
and, provided one is disturbed about  
one's country, poetry is possible. It  
was not till Mr. Chesterton became  
thoroughly miserable about the condi-  
tion of England that he wrote what is  
the finest patriotic poem that any liv-  
ing Englishman has written, "The Bal-  
lad of the White Horse." Henley's  
"What have I done for you, England,  
my England?" is a rare instance of a  
good patriotic poem written by a man  
who was perfectly satisfied with his  
country—a condition of soul almost as  
perilous as that of a man who is per-  
fectly satisfied with himself. It has the  
right accent of romantic service. But  
I do not know any other patriotic  
poem of the contented kind in English  
literature—since the time of Drayton,  
at any rate—which is so good. Tenny-  
son's most thrilling patriotic poems,  
like "The Charge of the Light Brigade"  
and "The Relief of Lucknow," are not  
songs of the praise of England, but

songs of events in which a few Englishmen defied tremendous odds. If they are not songs of a lost cause, they are songs at least of a cause that was lost for the moment, or was very nearly lost.

What, then, is the inference we must make from all this? Is it that a country is to be congratulated more on the possession of a good patriotic literature or on the want of it? Clearly, the greatest literatures are not, in the popular sense, patriotic. Even if you take French poetry, which you would expect to find ever so much more expressively patriotic than English poetry, you will find the good anthologies strangely deficient in patriotic sentiment. It seems almost as if patriotism must be one of the more insignificant passions, like the passion of becoming an M. P., which one can put into a song only with the greatest difficulty. Apparently, not merely those nations that have no history are fortunate, but those nations that have no patriotic poetry. Poets only sing about their country when there is nothing else to sing about. Only poet-laureates write patriotic verses in countries where people can make love and cultivate their gardens in peace. I cannot make up my mind whether this ought to be so or not, but undoubtedly it is so. In countries where men are not unduly burdened with meditations on the sins of foreigners, patriotism as a literary theme dwindles. In countries so happy in their conditions men set about the task of producing not a patriotic but a national literature. Instead of continually praising their country by name and in terms of swords and battlefields, they are concerned with the very spirit of their country as it is normally revealed in men and children, in clouds and flowers, in the drama of common days and in the procession of the year. Burns is the national poet of Scotland, not because he wrote

"Scots Wha Hae"—though that is good—but because he wrote "The Jolly Beggars" and "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "Ae Fond Kiss" and the "Address to the Field-Mouse." In England Shakespeare is the national poet rather than the author of "Rule, Britannia," whose very name we can seldom remember—if indeed one even knew it. Herrick made a far greater contribution to national literature when he wrote:—

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon,

than if he had attempted to re-write "God Save the King." So manifest is it, indeed, that great literature is concerned with simple and universal subjects that some writers have even contended that it has no business with nationality at all. In the first half of the nineteenth century, Edgar Allen Poe and a good many other Americans clamored for a national literature for America, instead of a mere loan-literature imported from England; but other American men of letters retorted that, in the words of Lowell, "literature survives, not because of its nationality, but in spite of it." As a matter of fact, Lowell wilfully misunderstood the position of the literary nationalists. "Measuring Burns by that which is best in him," he declared, for instance, "and which ensures to him a length of life coincident with that of the human heart, he is as little national as Shakespeare, and no more an alien in Iowa than in Ayrshire." That is, of course, beside the question. The important point which Lowell fails to stress about Burns is that his poems are racy of the soil of Ayrshire, while they are not racy of the soil of Iowa. What the literary nationalists contend is not that each country should possess a literature which has no meaning or interest outside its own borders, but that each country should possess a literature which is, in the Burns manner, racy of the soil. We should not all be

reading Russian novels and plays in these days, if Russian literature were not a native and original growth instead of a mere pallid and second-hand affair borrowed from England or France or Germany. It excites us because it gives us the old universal passions and problems with a new individuality, a new character.

Probably there are some people who will admit all this, and who will yet contend that it is an utter waste of time to talk about nationality in literature, seeing that every country which produces good literature thereby produces national literature. But literary nationalism is a necessary gospel, not for those nations which are producing good literature already—in regard to them it is nothing more than an explanation—but for those nations which are not producing good literature. It was a necessary gospel, for instance, for America of the time before Whitman, and for Ireland of the time before William Yeats. Clearly, it was a bad thing for American literature that American poets should see the world about them not originally with their own eyes but derivatively with the eyes of Byron or Tennyson. It is possible, of course, for a poet to be derivative in any country or in any age, but, when an entire nation becomes derivative, it is a melancholy thing for imaginative literature. That is why a national language is such a blessing: it is in itself a considerable impulse to originality: it gives the national imagination a kind of home-life of its own. But what defence had the national imagination of Ireland or America in the nineteenth

century against the splendid tide of English literature? Whitman instinctively raised the barrier of a new poetic form which was as separate and individual almost as a national language. Similarly, Mr. Yeats made something like a new literary language out of the names of dead Irish kings and queens, and symbolic trees and wells and streams. Had Whitman written "By Blue Ontario's Shore" in the metre of "Childe Harold," or had Mr. Yeats written in a language less alien to that of Blake and Swinburne, it is easy to see how the genius of either would have been stunted into a talent. It is comforting to think that genius always finds a way. But we have no proof of this. It may, for all we know, be dependent on some slight accident—perhaps of form or speech. Certainly, cosmopolitanism in literature, unbalanced by nationalism, is in danger of giving us mere sameness and echoes.

Personally, then, I am all for literary nationalism, if not for literary patriotism. But, even in regard to patriotism, I do not like to see it hustled into a corner as the special property and affliction of the weaker nations. The visionary sort of patriotism, it is clear—the only sort of patriotism which is tolerable in poetry—does not often survive success. But can it not survive? Ought it not to survive? Those are other questions into which it is impossible now to enter. But the fact that Blake wrote a fine visionary poem of the patriotic sort to so rich and respectable country as England shows, at least, that the cause of the patriots is not quite hopeless even in the literature of the conquering nations.

Robert Lynd.

## THE STORY OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

BY IAN HAY.

## CHAPTER IV.

A walk along the village street was always a great event for Excalibur. Still, it must have contained many humiliating moments for one of his sensitive disposition; for he was always pathetically anxious to make friends with other dogs and was rarely successful. Little dogs merely bit his legs, while big dogs cut him dead.

I think this was why he usually commenced his morning round by calling on a rabbit. The rabbit lived in a hutch in a yard at the end of a passage between two cottages—the first turning on the right after you entered the village—and Excalibur always dived down this at the earliest opportunity. It was no use for Eileen (who usually took him out on these occasions) to endeavor to hold him back. Either Excalibur called on the rabbit by himself or Eileen went with him: there was no other alternative.

Arrived at the hutch, Excalibur wagged his tail and contemplated the rabbit with his usual air of vacuous benevolence. The rabbit made not the faintest response, but continued to munch green food, twitching its nose in a superior manner. Finally, when it could endure Excalibur's admiring inspection and hard breathing no longer, it turned its back and retired into its bedroom.

Excalibur's next call was usually at the butcher's, where he was presented with a specially selected and quite unsaleable fragment of meat. He then crossed the road to the baker's, where he purchased a halfpenny bun, for which his escort was expected to pay. After that he walked from shop to shop, wherever he was taken, with great docility and enjoyment; for he was a gregarious animal and had a

friend behind or underneath almost every counter in the village. Men, women, babies, kittens, even ducks—they were all one to him.

At one time Eileen had endeavored to teach him a few simple accomplishments, such as begging for food, dying for his country, and carrying parcels. She was unsuccessful in all three instances. Excalibur upon his hind legs stood about five feet six, and when he fell from that eminence, as he invariably did when he tried to beg, he usually broke something. He was hampered, too, by inability to distinguish one order from another. More than once he narrowly escaped with his life through mistaking an urgent appeal to come to heel, out of the way of an approaching automobile, for a command to die for his country in the middle of the road. As for educating him to carry parcels, a single attempt was sufficient. The parcel in question contained a miscellaneous assortment of articles from the grocer's, including lard, soap, and safety matches. It was securely tied up, and the grocer kindly attached it by a short length of string to a wooden clothes-peg, in order to make it easier for Excalibur to carry. They set off home. . . .

Excalibur was most apologetic about it afterwards, besides being extremely unwell. But he had no idea, he explained to Eileen, that anything put into his mouth was not meant to be eaten. He then tendered the clothes-peg and some mangled brown paper with an air of profound abasement. After that no further attempts at compulsory education were undertaken.

But it was his daily walk with Eileen which introduced Excalibur to Life—Life in its broadest and most romantic sense. As I was not privi-

leged to be present at the opening incident of this episode, or most of its subsequent developments, the direct conduct of this narrative here passes out of my hands.

One sunny morning in July a young man in clerical attire sat breakfasting in his rooms at Mrs. Tice's. Mrs. Tice's establishment was situated in the village street, and Mrs. Tice was in the habit of letting her ground-floor to lodgers of impeccable respectability.

It was half-past eleven, which is a late hour for the clergy to breakfast, but this young man appeared to be suffering from no qualms of conscience upon the subject. He was making an excellent breakfast, and reading the Henley results from *The Sportsman* with a mixture of rapture and longing.

He had just removed *The Sportsman* from the convenient buttress of the teapot and substituted *Punch*, when he became aware that day had turned to night. Looking up, he perceived that his open window, which was rather small and of the casement variety, was completely blocked by a huge, shapeless, and opaque mass. Next moment the mass resolved itself into an animal of enormous size and surprising appearance, which fell heavily into the room, and—

*"Like a stream that, spouting from a cliff,  
Falls in mid-air; but gathering at the base,  
Remakes itself,"*

—rose to its feet, and, advancing to the table, laid a heavy head upon the white cloth, and lovingly passed its tongue (which resembled that of the great ant-eater) round a cold chicken conveniently adjacent.

Five minutes later the window framed another picture—this time a girl of twenty, white-clad, and wearing a powder-blue felt hat caught up on one side by a silver buckle, which twinkled in the hot morning sun. The

Curate started to his feet. Excalibur, who was now lying upon the hearth-rug dismembering the chicken, thumped his tail guiltily upon the floor, but made no attempt to rise.

"I am very sorry," said Eileen, "but I am afraid my dog is trespassing. May I call him out?"

"Certainly," said the Curate. "But"—he racked his brains to devise some means of delaying the departure of this radiant, fragrant vision—"he is not the least in the way. I am very glad of his company: I think it was most neighborly of him to call. After all, I suppose he is one of my parishioners? And—and"—he blushed painfully—"I hope you are, too."

Eileen gave him her most entrancing smile, and from that hour the Curate ceased to be his own master.

"I suppose you are Mr. Gilmore," said Eileen.

"Yes. I have only been here three weeks, and I have not met everyone yet."

"I have been away for two months," Eileen mentioned.

"I thought you must have been," said the Curate, rather subtly for him.

"I think my brother-in-law called upon you a few days ago," continued Eileen, upon whom the Curate's last remark had made a most favorable impression. She mentioned my name.

"I was going to return the call this very afternoon," said the Curate. And he firmly believed that he was speaking the truth. "Won't you come in? We have an excellent chaperon"—indicating Excalibur. "I will come and open the door."

"Well, he certainly won't come out unless I come and fetch him," admitted Eileen thoughtfully.

A moment later the Curate was at the front door, and led his visitor across the little hall into the sitting-room. He had not been absent more than thirty seconds, but during that



time a plateful of sausages had mysteriously disappeared; and as they entered, Excalibur was apologetically settling down upon the hearthrug with a cottage loaf.

Eileen uttered cries of dismay and apology, but the Curate would have none of them.

"My fault entirely!" he insisted. "I have no right to be breakfasting at this hour. But this is my day off. I take early Service every morning at seven; but on Wednesdays we cut it out—omit it, and have full Matins at ten. So I get up at half-past nine, take Service at ten, and come back at eleven and have breakfast. It is my weekly treat."

"You deserve it," said Eileen feelingly. Her religious exercises were limited to going to church on Sunday morning and coming out, if possible, after the litany. "And how do you like Much Moreham?"

"I did not like it at all when I came," said the Curate, "but recently I have begun to enjoy myself immensely." He did not say how recently.

"Were you in London before?"

"Yes—in the East End. It was pretty hard work, but a useful experience. I feel rather lost here during my spare time. I get so little exercise. In London I used to slip away for an occasional outing in a Leander scratch eight, and that kept me fit. I am inclined," he added ruefully, "to put on flesh."

"Leander? Are you a Blue?"

The Curate nodded.

"You know about rowing, I see," he said appreciatively. "The worst of rowing," he continued, "is that it takes up so much of a man's time that he has no opportunity of practising anything else. Cricket, for instance. All curates ought to be able to play cricket. I do my best, but there isn't a single boy in the Sunday-school

who can't bowl me. It's humiliating!"

"Do you play tennis at all?" asked Eileen.

"Yes, in a way."

"I am sure my sister will be pleased if you will come and have a game with us one afternoon."

The enraptured Curate had already opened his mouth to accept this demure invitation, when Excalibur, rising from the hearthrug, stretched himself luxuriously and wagged his tail, thereby removing three pipes, an inkstand, a tobacco-jar, and a half-completed sermon from the writing-table.

## V.

Excalibur was heavily overworked in his new rôle of chaperon during the next three or four weeks, and any dog less ready to oblige than himself might have felt a little aggrieved at the treatment to which he was subjected.

There was the case of the tennis-lawn, for instance. He had always regarded this as his own particular sanctuary, dedicated to reflection and repose. But now the net was stretched across it, and Eileen and the Curate performed antics all over the court with rackets and small white balls which, though they did not hurt Excalibur, kept him awake. It did not occur to him to convey himself elsewhere, for his mind moved slowly; and the united blandishments of the players failed to bring the desirability of such a course home to him. He continued to lie on his favorite spot upon the sunny side of the court, looking injured but forgiving, or slumbering perseveringly amid the storm that raged around him. It was quite impossible to move Excalibur once he had decided to remain where he was, so Eileen and the Curate agreed to regard him as a sort of artificial excrescence—like the buttress in a fives court. If the ball hit him—as it fre-

quently did—the player waiting for it was at liberty either to play it or claim a let. This arrangement added a piquant and pleasing variety to what is too often—especially when indulged in by mediocre players—a very dull game.

But worse was to follow. One day Eileen and the Curate conducted Excalibur to a neighboring mountain-range—at least, so it appeared to Excalibur—and played another ball game. This time they employed long sticks with iron heads, and two balls, which, though they were much smaller than the tennis balls, were incredibly hard and painful. Excalibur, though willing to help and anxious to please, could not supervise both these balls at once. As sure as he ran to retrieve one the other came after him and took him unfairly in the rear. Excalibur was the gentlest of creatures, but the most perfect gentleman has his dignity to consider. After having been struck for the third time by one of these balls, he whipped round, picked it up in his mouth, and gave it a tiny pinch—just for a warning. At least, he thought it was a tiny pinch. The ball retaliated, with unexpected ferocity. It twisted and turned. It emitted long snaky spirals of some elastic substance, which clogged his teeth and tickled his throat and wound themselves round his tongue and nearly choked him. Panic-stricken, he ran to his mistress, who, with weeping and with laughter, removed the writhing horror from his jaws and comforted him with fair words.

After that Excalibur realized that it is wiser to walk behind golfers than in front of them. But it was a boring business, and very exhausting, for he loathed exercise of every kind; and his only periods of repose were the occasions upon which the expedition came to a halt on certain small flat lawns, each of which contained a hole

with a flag in it. Here Excalibur would lie down with the contented sigh of a tired child, and go to sleep. As he almost invariably lay down between the hole and the ball, the players agreed to regard him as a bunker. Eileen putted round him; but the Curate, who had little regard for the humbler works of creation, Excalibur thought, used to take his mashie and attempt a lofting shot—an enterprise in which he almost invariably failed, to Excalibur's great inconvenience.

Country walks were more tolerable, for Eileen's supervision of his movements, which was usually marked by an officious severity, was sensibly relaxed in these days; and Excalibur found himself at liberty to range abroad amid the heath and through the coppices, engaged in a pastime which he imagined was hunting.

One hot afternoon, wandering into a clearing, he encountered a hare. The hare, which was suffering from extreme panic owing to a terrifying noise behind it—the blast of the newest and most vulgar motor-horn, to be precise—was bolting right across the clearing. After the manner of hares where objects directly in front of them are concerned, the fugitive entirely failed to perceive Excalibur, and indeed ran right underneath him on its way to cover. Excalibur was so unstrung by this adventure that he ran back to where he had left Eileen and the Curate.

They were sitting side by side upon the grass, and the Curate was holding Eileen's hand.

Excalibur advanced upon them thankfully, and indicated by an ingratiating smile that a friendly remark or other recognition of his presence would be gratefully received. But neither took the slightest notice of him. They continued to gaze straight before them, in a mournful and abstracted fashion. They looked not so

much at Excalibur as through him. First the hare, then Eileen and the Curate! Excalibur began to fear that he had become invisible—or at least transparent. Greatly agitated, he drifted away into a neighboring plantation, full of young pheasants. Here he encountered a keeper, who was able to dissipate his gloomy suspicions for him without any difficulty whatsoever.

But Eileen and the Curate sat on.

"A hundred pounds a year!" repeated the Curate. "A pass degree, and no influence! I can't preach, and I have no money of my own. Dearest, I ought never to have told you."

"Told me what?" inquired Eileen softly. She knew quite well, but she was a woman; and a woman can never let well alone.

The Curate, turning to Eileen, delivered himself of a statement of three words. Eileen's reply was a whispered *tu quoque*.

"It had to happen, dear," she added cheerfully, for she did not share the Curate's burden of responsibility in the matter. "If you had not told me, we should have been miserable separately. Now that you have told me, we can be miserable together. And when two people who—who—" She hesitated.

The Curate supplied the relative sentence. Eileen nodded her head in acknowledgment.

"Yes; who are—like you and me, are miserable together, they are happy! See?"

"I see," said the Curate gravely. "Yes, you are right there. But we can't go on living on a diet of joint misery. We shall have to face the future. What are we going to do about it?"

Then Eileen spoke up boldly for the first time.

"Gerald," she said, "we shall simply have to manage on a hundred a year."

But the Curate shook his head.

"Dearest, I should be an utter cad if I allowed you to do such a

thing," he said. "A hundred a year is less than two pounds a week."

"A lot of people live on less than two pounds a week," Eileen pointed out longingly.

"Yes, I know. If we could rent a three-shilling cottage, and I could go about with a spotted handkerchief round my neck, and you could scrub the doorstep, *coram populo*, we might be very comfortable. But the clergy belong to the black-coated class, and people in the lower ranks of the black-coated class are the poorest people in the whole wide world. They have to spend money on luxuries—collars, and charwomen, and so on—which a working man can spend entirely on necessities. It wouldn't merely mean no pretty dresses and a lot of hard work for you, Eileen. It would mean *starvation*! Believe me, I know! Some of my friends have tried it, and I know!"

"What happened to them?" asked Eileen fearfully.

"They all had to come down in the end—some soon, some late, but all in time—to taking parish relief."

"Parish relief?"

"Yes. Not official, regulation, rate-aided charity, but the infinitely more humiliating charity of their well-to-do neighbors. Quiet cheques, second-hand dresses, and things like that. No, little girl, you and I are too proud—too proud of the cloth—for that. We will never give a handle to the people who are always waiting to have a fling at the improvident clergy—not if it breaks our hearts, we won't!"

"You are quite right, dear," said Eileen quietly. "We must wait."

Then the Curate said the most difficult thing he had said yet.

"I shall have to go away from here."

Eileen's hand turned cold in his.

"Why?" she whispered; but she knew.

"Because if we wait here, we shall

wait for ever. The last curate in Much Moreham—what happened to him?"

"He died."

"Yes—at fifty-five; and he had been here for thirty years. Preferment does not come in sleepy villages. I must go back to London."

"The East End?"

"East or South or North—it doesn't signify. Anywhere but West. In the East and South and North there is always work to be done—hard work. And if a parson has no money and no brains and no influence, and can only work—run clothing-clubs and soup-kitchens, and reclaim drunkards—London is the place for him. So off I go to London, my beloved, to lay the foundations of Paradise for you and me—for you and me!"

There was a long silence. Then the pair rose to their feet, and smiled upon one another extremely cheerfully, because each suspected the other (rightly) of low spirits.

"Shall we tell people?" asked the Curate.

Eileen thought, and shook her head.

"No," she said. "Nicer not. It will make a splendid secret."

"Just between us two—eh?" said the Curate, kindling at the thought.

"Just between us two," agreed Eileen. And the Curate kissed her, very solemnly. A secret is a comfortable thing to lovers, especially when they are young and about to be lonely.

At this moment a leonine head, supported upon a lumbering and ill-balanced body, was thrust in between them. It was Excalibur, taking sanctuary with the Church from the vengeance of the Law.

"We might tell Scally, I think," said Eileen.

"Rather!" assented the Curate. "He introduced us."

So Eileen communicated the great news to Excalibur.

"You do approve, dear, don't you?" she said.

Excalibur, instinctively realizing that this was an occasion upon which liberties might be taken, stood upon his hind legs and placed his fore-paws on his mistress's shoulders. The Curate supported them both.

"And you will use your influence to get us a living wage from somewhere, won't you, old man?" added the Curate.

Excalibur tried to lick both their faces at once—and succeeded.

## VI.

So the Curate went away, but not to London. He was sent instead to a great manufacturing town in the North, where the work was equally hard, and where Anglican and Roman and Salvationist fought grimly side by side against the powers of drink and disease and crime. During these days, which ultimately rolled into years, the Curate lost his boyish freshness and his unfortunate tendency to put on flesh. He grew thin and lathy; and although his smile was as ready and as magnetic as ever, he seldom laughed.

But he never failed to write a cheerful letter to Eileen every Monday morning. He was getting a hundred and twenty pounds a year now, so his chances of becoming a millionaire had increased by twenty per cent.

Meanwhile his two confederates, Excalibur and Eileen, continued to reside at Much Moreham. Eileen was still the recognized beauty of the district, but she spread her net less promiscuously than of yore. Girl friends she always had in plenty, but it was noticed that she avoided intimacy with all eligible males of over twenty and under forty-five years of age. No one knew the reason of this, except Excalibur. Eileen used to read Gerald's letters aloud to him every Tuesday morn-

ing: sometimes the letter contained a friendly message to Excalibur himself. In acknowledgment of this courtesy Excalibur always sent his love to the Curate—Eileen wrote every Friday—and he and Eileen walked together, rain or shine, on Friday afternoons to post the letter in the next village. Much Moreham post-office was too small to remain oblivious to such a regular correspondence.

But the Curate was seen no more in his old parish. Railway journeys are costly things, and curates' holidays rare. Besides, he had no overt excuse for coming. And so life went on for five years. The Curate and Eileen may have met during that period, for Eileen sometimes went away visiting; and as Excalibur was not privileged to accompany her upon these occasions he had no means of checking her movements. But the chances are that she never saw the Curate, or I think she would have told Excalibur about it. We simply have to tell some one.

Then, quite suddenly, came a tremendous change in Excalibur's life. Eileen's brother-in-law—he was Excalibur's master no longer, for Excalibur had been transferred to Eileen by deed of gift, at her own request, on her first birthday after the Curate's departure—fell ill. There was an operation, and a crisis, and a deal of unhappiness at Much Moreham: then came convalescence, followed by directions for a sea voyage of six months. It was arranged that the house should be shut up, and the children sent to their grandmother at Bath.

"That settles everything and everybody," said the gaunt man on the sofa, "except you, Eileen. What about you?"

"What about Scally?" inquired Eileen.

Her brother-in-law apologetically admitted that he had forgotten Scally.

"Not quite myself at present," he mentioned in extenuation.

"I am going to Aunt Phoebe," announced Eileen.

"You are never going to introduce Scally into Aunt Phoebe's establishment!" cried Eileen's sister.

"No," said Eileen, "I am not." She rubbed Excalibur's matted head affectionately. "But I have arranged for the dear man's future. He is going to visit friends in the North. Aren't you, darling?"

Excalibur, to whom this arrangement had been privately communicated some days before, wagged his tail and endeavored to look as intelligent and knowing as possible. He was not going to put his beloved mistress to shame by admitting to her relatives that he had not the faintest idea what she was talking about.

However, he was soon to understand. Next day Eileen took him up to London by train. This in itself was a tremendous adventure, though alarming at first. He travelled in the guard's van, it having been found quite impossible to get him into an ordinary compartment—or rather, to get any one else into the compartment after he had lain down upon the floor. So he travelled with the guard, chained to the vacuum brake, and shared that kindly official's dinner.

When they reached the terminus there was much bustle and confusion. The door of the van was thrown open, and porters dragged out the luggage and submitted samples thereof to overheated passengers, who invariably failed to recognize their own property and claimed some one else's. Finally, when the luggage was all cleared out, the guard took off Excalibur's chain and facetiously invited him to alight here for London town. Excalibur, lumbering delicately across the ribbed floor of the van, arrived at the open doorway. Outside upon the platform



he espied Eileen. Beside her stood a tall figure in black.

With one tremendous roar of rapturous recognition, Excalibur leaped straight out of the van and launched himself fairly and squarely at the Curate's chest. Luckily the Curate saw him coming.

"He knows you all right," said Eileen with satisfaction.

"He appears to," replied the Curate. "Afraid I don't dance the tango, Scally, old man. But thanks for the invitation, all the same!"

Excalibur spent the rest of the day in London, where it must be admitted that he caused a genuine sensation—no mean feat in such a *blasé* place. In Bond Street the traffic had to be held up both ways by benevolent policemen, because Excalibur, feeling pleasantly tired, lay down to rest.

When evening came they all dined together in a cheap little restaurant in Soho, and were very gay—with the gaiety of people who are whistling to keep their courage up. After dinner Eileen said good-bye, first to Excalibur and then to the Curate. She was much more demonstrative towards the former

than the latter, which is the way of women. Then the Curate put Eileen into a taxi, and having, with the aid of the commissionaire, extracted Excalibur from underneath—he had gone there under some confused impression that it was the guard's van again—said good-bye for the last time; and Eileen, smiling bravely, was whirled away out of sight.

As the taxi turned a distant corner and disappeared from view, it suddenly occurred to Excalibur that he had been left behind. Accordingly he set off in pursuit. . . .

The Curate finally ran him to earth in Buckingham Palace Road, which is a long chase from Soho, sitting upon the pavement, to the grave inconvenience of the inhabitants of Pimlico, and refusing to be comforted. It took his new master the best part of an hour to get him to the Euston Road, where it was discovered that they had missed the night mail to the North. Accordingly they walked to a rival station and took another train.

In all this Excalibur was the instrument of Destiny, as you shall hear.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

## MODERN RUSSIAN FICTION.

Considering the enormous proportions of some of our modern English novels, and the conviction of some publishers that it is length that counts, it is really a human relief to turn to contemporary Russia and to find that most of the works of genius are contained in the space of fifty pages each. They are humbler in Russia; they do not protest such an encyclopædic knowledge of life; and to-day, at least, Russia believes that brevity is the soul of wit. The era of long novels seems to have definitely passed with Tolstoy.

Chekhov has delivered to Russia a new art, that of giving the essential poignancy or delight of a long story in a few pages, the art of making a story out of three sentences and an interrogation mark.

Fiction stands on a considerably higher level to-day in Russia than in England. The standard set by the public is higher—or I suppose it would be truer to say that the general run of conversation in life is more interesting and therefore the literature is more interesting. You will seldom sit in a

railway carriage or go to a gathering of Russians anywhere without hearing conversation which, if taken down in shorthand and re-copied would, be found to contain matter of literary interest. If small talk is generally sand, Russian small talk is the alluvial gravel from which you can wash out gold. For that reason Russian literature is great, and is becoming greater. Russia is surely the great literary country of the future. It is a custom to say in England that Russian literature is contained and ended in the works of Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Gogol, and Tolstoy. This is a mistake of the conventional; these are what may be called the classical novelists of Russia, and they correspond more or less to our Jane Austen, Dickens, Fielding, and—but we have no one we can even remotely liken to Tolstoy. There have followed a whole host of wonderful writers—Chekhov, the inimitable tale-writer and planter of question-marks; Kouprin, the Russian Kipling; Gorky, the gentle, tender, rebellious tramp; Andreef, the chiaroscuro, horror-stricken mourner which the Revolution and the War produced; the fantastic Sologub; Remizov, the writer of beautiful tales; Biely, the occult and symbolical; Bunin, the Russian Hardy, and many others—a fair new June of Russian fiction.

## I.

Chekhov is the most beloved of Russians. He is perhaps the dearest of all their writers, for he told simple stories in such a way that you smile over his characters, you shed tears at what he said. He always leaves you tender towards mankind. He is Russia's supreme optimist. He lived in a sun-bathed datcha at Yalta in the Crimea and loved his roses; he had a great rose-garden, and every morning might be seen tending his flowers and leaves. "In three hundred years the world will be all one garden like this," said he

one day to Kouprin. He has written some twenty odd volumes of stories, all of which have been translated into French and German. In Germany Chekhov is very highly appraised. In England unfortunately there are only two volumes of his stories—"The Black Monk," a very good selection, well translated, and "The Kiss," a poor selection. Russian literature is so popular in England just now that it shows considerable lack of enterprise and understanding on the part of publishers that Chekhov is not being systematically translated and published.

After Chekhov the most popular Russian tale-writer is Kouprin, the author of ten volumes of astonishingly clever and touching stories. He is occasionally coarse, occasionally too sentimental, but he gives great delight to his readers. With him everything is taken from life; his are rough-hewn lumps of conversation and life. He seems to be a master of detail, and the characteristic of his style is a tendency to give the most diverting lists. Often paragraph after paragraph, if you look into the style, will be found to be lists of delicious details reported in a conversational manner. Thus, opening a volume at random, you can easily find an example:—

Imagine the village we had reached—all overblown with snow; the inevitable village idiot Serezha walking almost naked in the snow; the priest, who won't play cards the day before a festival but writes denunciations to the village starosta instead—a stupid, artful man, and an adept at getting alms, speaking an atrocious Petersburg Russian. If you have grasped what society was like in the village you know to what point of boredom and stupefaction we attained. We had already got tired of bear-hunting, hare-hunting with hounds, pistol-shooting at a target through three rooms, writing humorous verses. It must be confessed we quarrelled.

He is also the inventor of amusing

sentences which can almost be used as proverbs:—

He knew which end of the asparagus to eat.

We looked at our neighbors through a microscope; they at us through a telescope.

Every one of Kouprin's stories has the necessary Attic salt. I have said he is like Kipling. He is also something like the American O. Henry, especially in the matter of his lists of details and his apt metaphors, but he has not the artifice nor the everlasting American smile. Kouprin, moreover, takes his matter from life and writes with great ease and carelessness; O. Henry put together from life and re-wrote twelve times.

Kouprin is a most charming writer. The English especially would like him, for he does not philosophize or symbolize; he gives his story and allows the reader to make the comment. He ought certainly to be translated into English. Such a selection as the following would obtain hundreds of grateful readers—"For Fame," "The Slavonic Soul," "Psyche," "The Garnet Bracelet," "The River of Life," "A Dog's Happiness," "The Last Word," "The Tramp's Gambit," "How the Professor Trained My Voice," "The Machine for Castigation," "Moloch," "Olecia."

Gorky, who has just returned to Russia after eight years' involuntary exile, has been almost entirely translated into English, and is familiar to the English reader. His first works had a great success all over Europe—"Three Men," "Foma Gordyef," and his many short tales. Despite the gross details and ugly immorality that Gorky has not the strength to keep back from the tender reader, he was undoubtedly the greatest novelist of the revolutionary period. Though he is living and hoping now, yet his best work really belongs to a past era. "Three

Men" and "Foma' Gordyef," though they vigorously survive, are not expressive of the national mood of to-day. Gorky's talents have unfortunately been killed by exile. He has scarcely written a line worth reading since he went to Capri. He has now come back to Mother Russia and is living quietly in the country. His next work of art may tell the world whether he can still speak for Russia. He is, however, very delicate and ill, and the tremendous excitement and stimulus of Russia may kill him.

## II.

Andreef's work has come to England, and it is evident that the English do not care for him. His psychology of hysteria and delirium does not appeal to the British temperament. "The Red Laugh," published by Lane, was a fair example of his work, the story of a man who went mad at the sight of the blood shed in the Russo-Japanese War. "The Story of the Seven Hanged," published by Fifeild, was his most popular work in Russia, and was evoked by the terrible number of executions of young revolutionaries and expropriators. It was meant to strike terror into the heart, but as Tolstoy said of the book and its author—"He is always taking one into dark places and saying, 'Aren't you afraid?'—but I am not frightened." "Judas Iscariot" and "Lazarus" were interesting studies translated by the Rev. W. H. Lowe, but sensational in treatment. Andreef has shown that if it is necessary to stoop to conquer, he will stoop, and to-day he is writing pieces for the Cinema.

Of Sologub's tales I have written. (*The Times Literary Supplement*, January 22.) He is a remarkably gifted and eccentric writer of tales. His genius suggests that of Poe, but if so it is a new Poe living in a clearer element. His work lacks the preliminary fee-fo-fum of mystification, the motive

which may be expressed by the Shakespearian sentence—

Of course I digged up dead men from their graves  
And set them standing at their dear friends' doors.

Sologub might have written "The Cask of Amontillado," but could not have touched "The Descent into the Maelstrom" or "The Murders of the Rue Morgue."

Remizov (of whom I wrote in the *Literary Supplement* of April 9) in these days becomes a great man, and, despite one fantastic novel on the sexual question perpetrated years ago, may be said to be the writer of the most beautiful stories that Russia is bringing forth to-day.

Biely, theosophist, follower of Rudolph Steiner, is also in the field as a novelist, but gives forth matter not likely to be translated, since much of it is obscurely and fantastically written. His best book is "The Silver Dove," a story of the sects of Russia. He is now writing "Petersburg," appearing in the *Sirion* magazine, an original piece of work, new in form and in intention, an effort to register and indicate the occult life of the great capital. It has been called a sequel to Dostoevsky's "Demons."

Bunin is a characteristically Russian writer, not of great gift, but knowing the country and the peasants. He loves to describe storms, forlorn and desolate scenery, the midnight hour; and his slight stories sometimes suggest those cinematograph romances played out against absurdly picturesque landscapes, and flickered on the screen to a rapturous accompaniment of Tchaikovsky or Rubinstein. The wild heath should be kept for Macbeth or King Lear; there are other places in which Lorenzo and Jessica can make love.

Of those who have come to the forefront in the last fifteen years there

remains Artsibashef, the author of the notorious book "Sanin," the vulgar outcome of mistaken Nietzscheanism. It swept intelligent Russia as no book in our time has swept any country. The nation ranged itself into Artsibashefites and anti-Artsibashefites, and was ready to indulge in literary civil war, but the Government stepped in and confiscated the book. It is an ugly piece of work about men and women, and has been suggested to several English publishers and review-editors, but nobody dare print it. The English are not to that extent preoccupied with the sexual question, and public opinion could not save such a volume from the police. It is only fair to Russia to say that "Sanin" was written just after the success or failure, whatever it may be called, of the Revolution. After a time of extraordinary moral earnestness and sobriety the Russians relaxed to "all is permitted," and the imitation of France. It was a bad time with Russian literature. Abominable stories were perpetrated by many writers, and the shops were full of books of a morally harmful type. Russia has picked herself up since then, and to-day is part of a great literary era.

### III.

The novel and the short story are prosperous. Slowly but steadily, with the broadening advance of education, the millions of Russians are becoming millions of readers. Any year some novelist may arise and sweep Russia as Walter Scott did Great Britain at the threshold of the nineteenth century. But a little while ago each author himself paid for the printing and binding and distributing of his work, but now the publisher has arisen ready to finance and promulgate and exploit any author of gift. Already Russian publishers are richer than English. What a literary hive this Russia will become when once it "gets going"!

In the meantime, however, Russian literature is likely to remain of a better quality. When the peasants begin to read they will give less inspiration, they will cease to be a purely Russian background for the artist. They will also confuse many issues, and re-fight many battles fought long ago in the West. They will give their literary vote, the purchase-money of book or journal, to those who please them, even to those who debauch their minds with evil thoughts. They will be able to offer a disproportionately large prize to the novelist who can write for them. They will set a fashion in literature, and it is doubtful whether the fashion will be a good one. Still, though they will be somewhat Westernized they will not therefore become Western in type. Russia is the living East as India and China are the dead East, and as America is the living West and we the dying West. Russian literature will exhibit many unsightly phenomena and survive them. Its genius is the polarization of all that is living in the mystical East. All lost ideas tend to find a home there. All that is mystic finds its kin and crystallizes and becomes organic.

The Times.

The Russian is artistic to the fingertips. Even under the clumsiness and uncouth guise of the peasant man or woman is hidden a subtle, mystical mind, a mind marvellously appreciative of music, of form, of color, of ideas, and the words that fit them. Whether you go into the church or into the tavern peasant Russia will not offend your artistic sense; on the contrary, if you have a mind wishing to be inspired, she will certainly inspire. Dostoevsky spoke for the Russian people as they were in his day. Dostoevsky is probably not an end so much as a beginning. His are the rough-hewn rudimentary masses preceding something more formed, more comprehensive. England, with her back towards America and materialism and her eyes and heart towards Russia and the things of the Spirit, will partake of her communion of the idea and the word. For her the translation of the new beautiful tales of the Russians will give such pleasure and happiness as correspondence and the postman bring to new-found friends. The translator is our postman. England must be getting letters soon.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

### WEEK-END-ON-SEA.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've been doing Easter with the Clackmannans and helping them with an idea they're carrying out. There's a little coast town on their Southshire property (Shrimlington it's been called up to now), and they're turning it into a seaside place *that people can go to!* Isn't that dilly? Of course, our coasts quite *bristle* with seaside towns, but they're places people *can't* go to because *everybody* goes there. And so the

Clackmannans are going to supply a long-felt want, as old-fashioned people say, and give us a *ville de bains* of our very *very* own. Its name is to be changed from Shrimlington to Week-End-on-Sea. It has no railway station, which, of course, is a great merit; it's not to have any big blatant hotels or pensions—nothing but charming bungalow-cottages; there'll be no pier, no band, none of those banal winter-gardens and impossible pleasure palaces that *ces autres* delight in, and, of course, none of those immensely fear-



ful concert parties and pierrots. But we shall have a troupe of mermen and mermaids who will do classic gambols by the marge of the sea and play on pipes or shells or whatever it is that sea-creatures play on. There'll be bathing parties, when the last syllable of the last word in bathing-kit will be seen; paddling parties, in carefully thought out *toilettes pour marcher dans l'eau*, and shell-gathering parties. Stella Clackmannan, who has such an active brain that everyone's quite anxious about her, is going to have tons of really pretty shells laid along a part of the beach (above high water), and people will go shell-gathering *en habit coquilleux*.

The only feature Week-End-on-Sea will have in common with other seaside places is a parade. At first Stella wouldn't hear of having one; but Norty told her there's "a deep-seated primal instinct in human nature for sitting on benches and watching one's fellow-creatures walk up and down, and it would not be wise to thwart this instinct." He's an enormously clever boy, and, when it was put to her like that, Stella gave in. So there's to be a parade on the sea front, and Ray Rymington, whose sense of the beautiful is *absolutely*, will see after it. There'll be none of those ghastly glass shelters, but just darling Sheraton benches at intervals, and the paraders will be carefully *censored*. Nobody who hasn't *something* of a profile will be allowed to walk up and down—and no woman who takes more than 4's in shoes or who's wearing a last year's sleeve. So you see, dearest, it will be quite a *cachet*, both of person and style, to be seen walking on the parade at *our* watering-place. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman met Stella in town the other day and said, "My dear duchess, how can we thank you for at last giving us a really *classy* seaside place?" "What a wonderful word,

Mrs. Boundermere!" answered Stella. "*Classy!* Do tell me what it means!"

Oh, my best one! Such a simply *sumptuous* storyette for you! Even in *your* remote fastnesses you must have heard of young Ivan Rowdidowsky, the very *very* latest thing in Russian composer-pianists. Playing the piano with his elbows, dressed in scarlet velvet, and fuller of "inner meanings" than anyone (even from *Russia*) ever was before, he captured London at the beginning of the Little Season, and his vogue has been *colossal*. He gave twelve elbow-recitals of his own compositions at Emperor's Hall. Those fearsome interviewers fairly mobbed him, and he told them, in the *prettiest* broken English, that "piano playing with the hands suited well enough the pale-blooded law-abiding people of yesterday, but that the full-pulsing stormy emotions of to-day could only be adequately expressed by the *elbows!*" Quite *myriads* of people made him write, "Your affectionate friend, Ivan Rowdidowsky," in their autograph-books, till at last he had cramp in the hand and Sir William Kiddem had to be called in. There were reassuring bulletins telling the public that they needn't be alarmed about their favorite, as cramp in the hand is *rarely* fatal and does *not* affect the elbows, and that, if M. Rowdidowsky stopped writing in autograph-books for a day or two, he'd be quite his wonderful self again.

Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has been *folle de lui* from the first, and at Easter she'd a big party for him down at "Popsy's Pleasaunce," her place in Sussex, and then and there announced that she was engaged to him, and that after her marriage she would drop the Ramsgate title and be known by "her Ivan's beautiful Slavonic name!" People were very nice to her about it and didn't laugh more than they could

help, and all went cheerily, Rowdowsky in his scarlet velvet playing to them with his elbows every evening; and then one fatal morning (as novelists say) Popsy picked up a letter that her Ivan had dropped from his pocket. It was addressed outside to "M. Rowdowsky," and this is an extract from what she read *inside*: "I was at your show at Emperor's Hall the other day and thought I would have split my skin at the way the silly jossers all round me were carrying on, and at the thought that it was my pal, good old Bert Smith of Camberwell, perched up on the platform in red velvet togs pounding away on the old piano with his elbows like a good 'un. I put my hands over my face to prevent myself from bursting out, and the woman next to me shoved a silver bottle under my

Punch.

nose and gurgled into my ear, 'You've an artist-soul! I felt just as you do when I first heard this divine Rowdowsky!' The silly geeser! Go it, old son! More power to your *elbows*! And don't forget, when you've made your pile, that your old pal, Joe, was part-author of the idea and helped you to work it out!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Popsy, poor old dear, is having the Gurra-Gurra treatment for nervous collapse. Lord and Lady Ramsgate are enormously relieved at the turn things have taken; and their boy Pegwell said to me yesterday, "I'm jolly glad it's all off! Fancy how *decomposed* it would have been to have Rumtdumsky, or whatever his name was, for a step-grandfather!"

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

## THE PLAIN MAN.

He was plain. It was his great quality. Others might have graces, subtleties, originality, fire, and charm; they had not his plainness. It was that which made him so important, not only in his country's estimation, but in his own. For he felt that nothing was more valuable to the world than for a man to have no doubts, and no fancies, but to be quite plain about everything. And the knowledge that he was looked up to by the press, the pulpit, and the politician sustained him in the daily perfecting of that unique personality which he shared with all other plain men. In an age which bred so much that was freakish and peculiar, to know that there was always himself with his sane and plain outlook to fall back on, was an extraordinary comfort to him. He knew that he could rely on his own judgment, and never scrupled to give it to a public which never tired of asking for it.

In literary matters especially was it sought for, as invaluable. Whether he had read an author or not, he knew what to think of him. For he had in his time unwittingly lighted on books before he knew what he was doing; they served him as fixed stars for ever after; so that if he heard any writer spoken of as "advanced," "erotic," "socialistic," "morbidity," "pessimistic," "tragic," or what not unpleasant—he knew exactly what he was like, and thereafter only read him by accident. He liked a healthy tale, preferably of love or of adventure (of detective stories he was, perhaps, fondest), and insisted upon a happy ending, for, as he very justly said, there was plenty of unhappiness in life without gratuitously adding to it, and as to "ideas," he could get all he wanted and to spare, from the papers. He deplored altogether the bad habit that literature seemed to have of seeking out situa-

tions which explored the recesses of the human spirit or of the human institution. As a plain man he felt this to be unnecessary. He himself was not conscious of having these recesses, or perhaps too conscious, knowing that if he once began to look, there would be no end to it; nor would he admit the use of staring through the plain surface of society's arrangements. To do so, he thought, greatly endangered, if it did not altogether destroy those simple faculties which men required for the fulfilment of the plain duties of everyday life, such as: Item, the acquisition and investment of money; item, the attendance at church, and maintenance of religious faith; item, the control of wife and children; item, the serenity of nerves and digestion; item, contentment with things as they were.

For there was just that difference between him and all those of whom he strongly disapproved, that whereas *they* wanted to *see* things as they were—he wanted to *keep* things as they were. But he would not for a moment have admitted this little difference to be sound, since his instinct told him that he himself saw things as they were better than ever did such cranky people. If a human being had got to get into spiritual fixes, as those fellows seemed to want one to believe, then certainly the whole unpleasant matter should be put into poetry, and properly removed from comprehension. "And, anyway," he would say, "in real life, I shall know it fast enough when I get there, and I'm not going to waste my time nosin' it over beforehand." His view of literary, and, indeed, all art, was that it should help him to be cheerful. And he would make a really extraordinary outcry if amongst a hundred cheerful plays and novels he inadvertently came across one that was tragic. At once he would write to the papers to complain of the gloomy tone of modern literature; and the papers,

with few exceptions, would echo his cry, because he was the plain man, and took them in. "What on earth," he would remark, "is the good of showin' me a lot of sordid sufferin'? It doesn't make me any happier. Besides"—he would add—"it isn't art. The function of art is beauty." Someone had told him this, and he was very emphatic on the point, going religiously to any show where there was a great deal of light and color. The shapes of women pleased him, too, up to a point. But he knew where to stop; for he felt himself, as it were, the real censor of morals in this country. When the plain man was shocked it was time to suppress the entertainment, whether play, dance, or novel. Something told him that he, beyond all other men, knew what was good for his wife and children. He often meditated on that question coming in to the City from his house in Surrey; for in the train he used to see men reading novels, and this stimulated his imagination. Essentially a believer in liberty, like every Englishman, he was only for putting down a thing when it offended his own taste. In speaking with his friends on this subject, he would express himself thus: "These fellows talk awful skittles. Any plain man knows what's too hot and what isn't. All this tosh about art, and all that, is beside the point. The question simply is: Would you take your wife and daughters? If not, there's an end of it, and it ought to be suppressed." And he would think of his own daughters, very nice, and would feel sure. Not that he did not himself like a "full-blooded" book, as he called it, provided it had the right moral and religious tone. Indeed, a certain kind of fiction which abounded in "the heaving of her lovely bosom" often struck him pink, as he hesitated to express it; but there was never in such masterpieces of emotion any nasty subversiveness, or wrong-

headed idealisms, but frequently the opposite.

Though it was in relation to literature and drama, perhaps, that his quality of plainness was most valuable, he felt the importance of it, too, in regard to politics. When they had all done "messaging about," he knew that they would come to him, because, after all, there he was, a plain man wanting nothing but his plain rights, not in the least concerned with the future, and Utopia, and all that, but putting things to a plain touchstone: "How will it affect me?" and forming his plain conclusions one way or the other. He felt, above all things, each new penny of the income-tax before they put it on, and saw to it if possible that they did not. He was extraordinarily plain about that, and about national defence, which instinct told him should be kept up to the mark at all costs. There must be ways, he felt, of doing the latter without having recourse to the income-tax, and he was prepared to turn out any Government that went on lines unjust to the plainest principles of property. In matters of national honor he was even plainer, for he never went into the merits of the question, knowing, as a simple Englishman, that England must be right; or that, if not right, it would never do to say she wasn't. So conversant were statesmen and the press of this sound attitude of his mind, that, without waiting to ascertain it, they acted on it with the utmost confidence.

In regard to social reform, while recognizing, of course, the need for it, he felt that, in practice, one should do just as much as was absolutely necessary and no more; a plain man did not go out of his way to make quixotic efforts, but neither did he sit upon a boiler till he was blown up.

In the matter of religion he regarded his position as the only sound one, for however little in these days one could

believe and all that, yet, as a plain man, he did not for a moment refuse to go to church and say he was a Christian; on the contrary, he was rather more particular about it than formerly, since when a spirit has departed, one must be very careful of the body, lest it fall to pieces. He continued, therefore, to be a Churchman—living, as has been said before, in Surrey.

He often spoke of science, medical or not, and it was his plain opinion that these fellows all had an axe to grind; for *his* part he only believed in them just in so far as they benefited a plain man. The latest sanitary system, the best forms of locomotion and communication, the newest antiseptics, and time-saving machines—of all these, of course, he made full use; but as to the researches, speculations, and theories of scientists—to speak plainly, they were, he thought, "pretty good rot."

He abominated the word "humanitarian." No plain man wanted to inflict suffering, especially on himself. He would be the last person to inflict suffering, but the plain facts of life must be considered, and convenience and property duly safeguarded. He wrote to the papers perhaps more often on his subject than any other, and was gratified to read in their leading articles continual allusion to himself. "The plain man is not prepared to run the risks which a sentimental treatment of this subject would undoubtedly involve;" "After all, it is to the plain man that we must go for the sanity and common sense of this matter." For he had no dread in life like that of being called a sentimentalist. If an instance of cruelty came under his own eyes he was as much moved as any man, and took immediate steps to manifest his disapproval. To act thus on his feelings was not at all his idea of being sentimental. But what he could not stand was making a fuss

about cruelties, as people called them, which had not actually come under his own plain vision; to feel indignant in regard to such he felt *was* sentimental, involving as it did an exercise of his imagination, than which there was nothing he distrusted more. Some deep instinct no doubt informed him perpetually that if he felt anything, other than what disturbed him personally at first hand, he would suffer unnecessarily, and perhaps be encouraging such public action as might diminish his comfort. But he was no alarmist, and, on the whole, felt pretty sure that while he was there, with his plain views, there was no chance of anything being done that would cause him any serious inconvenience.

On the woman's question generally he had long made his position plain. He would move when the majority moved, and not before. And he expected all plain men (and women—if there were any, which he sometimes doubted) to act in the same way. In this policy he felt instinctively, rather than consciously, that there was no risk. No one—at least, no one that mattered, no plain, solid person—would move until he did, and he would not, of course, move until they did; in this way there was a perfectly plain position. And it was an extraordinary gratification to him to feel, from the tone of politicians, the pulpit, and the press, that he had the country with him. He often said to his wife: "One thing's plain to me; we shall never have the suffrage till the country wants it." But he rarely discussed the question with other women, having observed that many of them could not keep their tempers when he gave them his plain view of the matter.

He was sometimes at a loss to think what on earth they would do without him on juries, of which he was usually

elected foreman. And he never failed to listen with pleasure to the words that never failed to be spoken to him: "As plain men, gentlemen, you will at once see how improbable in every particular is the argument of my friend." That he was valued in precisely the same way by both sides and ultimately by the judge filled him sometimes with a modest feeling that only a plain man was of any value whatever, certainly that he was the only kind of man who had any sort of judgment.

He often wondered what the country would do without him; into what abysmal trouble she would get in her politics, her art, her law, and her religion. It seemed to him that he alone stood between her and manifold destructions. How many times had he not seen her reeling in her cups and sophistries, and beckoning to him to save her! And had he ever failed her, with his simple philosophy of a plain man: "Follow me, and the rest will follow itself"? Never! As witness the veneration in which he saw that he was held every time he opened a paper, attended the performance of a play, heard a sermon, or listened to a speech. Some day he meant to sit for his portrait, believing that this was due from him to posterity; and now and then he would look into the glass to fortify his resolution. What he saw there always gave him secret pleasure. Here was a face that he knew he could trust, and even in a way admire. Nothing brilliant, showy, eccentric, soulful; nothing rugged, devotional, profound, or fiery; not even anything proud, or stubborn; no betrayal of kindness, sympathy, or aspiration; but just simple, solid lines, a fresh color, and sensible, rather prominent eyes—just the face that he would have expected and desired, the face of a plain man.

*John Galsworthy.*



## THE MUNICH HOUR.

In Munich there is, beneath the trees of the square that faces the Park Restaurant, a little green chair; this little chair I have come to look upon as my own especial property. I realize that I have my right to it during one half-hour of the day only, from half-past two or three in the afternoon; but if, during that time, a stranger negligently takes my place, on my arrival I regard him with the fiercest hostility.

It is probable, however, that before he has seated himself, he will be informed, by Herr Kront perhaps, or by my musical friend Felix, or perchance by Julius himself, that the seat is "reserviert," and that the "Herr" to whom it rightly belongs at this hour of the day will, very shortly, be coming round the corner—it is quite certain that, if my friends are there, the stranger (in all probability an American) will be forced to retire. But should the stranger arrive first there is no help for it. The Town Council of Munich will not, I am afraid, allow me to place there a little white tablet with my name and address upon it; there have, therefore, been days when I have thus suffered this melancholy expulsion.

I am a creature of habit, and I always lunch at the Park Restaurant, partly because Fritz, the head waiter there, is a friend of mine, and is, indeed, my landlord, and partly because "Kalbscotelette" is cooked there as it is cooked nowhere else in Munich. Having lunched divinely, then, what more natural than that I should cross the street and slip, easily, happily, slothfully, into that little green seat that has kept its urbane inviting eye upon me throughout my meal?

This is the hour, this two o'clock, when Munich slips from its shoulders

the heavy German mantle that it has been wearing all day and is transformed into the most beautiful of Italian cities. Behind me, on the left, the great white fountain is splashing and tumbling to the most sleepy of rhythms. The little shops that face me, above and below the Park Restaurant, have doorways that only show you the coolest and darkest of interiors. There is a shop of brass and silver ware, a shop of foreign carpets and hangings—red and blue and green—a fruit shop with golden fruit rising in pyramids against the black depths beyond; there is also, of course, a picture shop with Madonnas and Saints and copies of the Dürers that are to be seen in the Pina Kathek, and some of those cheap German color-prints that may be found every week in the pages of "Simplicissimus." At the corner in the distance there is a bookshop with pictures of Wagner and Liszt and the latest novel by Ompteda and Von Keyserling, the latest philosophy from Ellen Key, and, in all probability, several translations of works by Mr. H. G. Wells. There is no one now moving in and out of these doors. The white walls burn in the hot sun, the black interiors gape, and in the windows above the shop blinds and shutters have been drawn.

On the other side, to my left, is a low red-brown wall, and behind it a garden of which I can, from my seat, see only green and nodding trees. Behind this garden is a high white house with carving upon the walls and green lattices before the windows. I know that in this garden there is a fountain, an old satyr of gray stone with a broken nose. I know because once, as I passed, the little black door in the brown wall opened and a sombre priest came out, and behind him, before the

door was closed, I saw the satyr. Now, with the rest of the street, this high house is sleeping, but I know that in the heart of the green trees, behind the wall, the little fountain is lazily flashing its waters upon the air.

This is all that I can see from my green chair. In the Park Restaurant itself many people are still enjoying their divine "Kalbscotelette," and, indeed, I believe that it would be quite impossible to pass at any moment during the day when there would not be many persons eating them. But even here a sense of slumber is upon the place, so that Fritz, with his plates piled high, moves like a somnambulist, and a stout lady in green velvet, who is there every day, has her fork suspended in mid-air whilst she gazes with dreamy, pondering eyes upon the air and the trees and the tumbling fountain.

The only signs of stirring life are the bright blue tramcars that hum past me and round the corner. These are surely the most genial "gemütlich" tramcars in Europe, with their light blue paint, their beaming travellers, and the singing noise that they make as they pass—something that sounds as though they were trying to remember the "Preislied" and would have it in a moment if you would only be patient with them. Even these tramcars, during this half-hour, seem to have softened their note and one can almost fancy that it is slumber that makes them whiz, so securely and yet so sleepily, round the corner.

Otherwise there is silence. This is the only moment in the Munich day when you may stand and listen and hear no laughter. Always, in whatever part of the city you may be, at other times, if you listen you will hear someone laughing; not noisy, strident, assertive laughter, but rather something that, coming naturally and freely, expresses the universal sense

of happiness—there are fools in Munich, but no pessimists.

To my left, in front of me, there is a kiosk that reminds me that, at three o'clock, the world begins again. You may go, these notices that cover the kiosk say, to any kind of place and be most agreeably entertained. You may go to Tannhäuser Strasse and see the Modern Pictures, or there is sculpture in the Glass Palace, or there are bands and beer and singing in the Künstler Park, or, on this hot afternoon, there are the delights of the Hungerner Bad, the most wonderful open-air bath in Europe, with its grottoes and gardens and music. At half-past four begins the "Meistersinger" at the great Prinz Regenten Theatre, and this evening you may choose between "Anatol" and Offenbach's "Schöne Helene," between "Glaube und Heimat" and "John Gabriel Borkman," between the easy delights of "Die Puppe" and our old friend the "Fledermaus."

I wink lazily at the kiosk. Later I may have something to say to it, but now I reject all energy. Meanwhile sleep gains upon me—the sky is a hard, relentless blue, and it looks, through the green trees above me, as though some collection of precious china had been smashed into the most delightful atoms. The white marble of the fountain hurts the eye, the blue trams are disturbing. Sleep is stealthily advancing through the trees.

I am aware also, through half-closed eyes, that Herr Kront and Felix and the delightful Julius have all arrived and have slipped into their seats and will say no word until three has struck. Herr Kront is short and thin and dressed in rusty black, and he is most certainly wearing an ancient green Tyrolean hat with a feather in it. I can only now, from my seat, observe his large flat boots.

Felix has long black hair and he loves white waistcoats and his tie will

already have climbed up above the back of his collar. He is a young man who has even now composed very excellent music and he will certainly be heard of one day, but at present his one desire is to be beautifully clothed, and this ambition the Fates and his purse and his careless habits will deny him to the end of time. Lastly, there is dear, fat Julius, with the golden beard, mild blue eyes, and emotions that are perpetually too much for him. I can see, through my half-closed eyes, that Julius is bursting with some discovery. He moves, he rubs his hands together, he tugs at his beard, but he would die

*The Saturday Review.*

sooner than break the rule. He gazes desperately at the clock and looks at me to see whether I am really sleeping.

The rhythm of the fountain has become the "Frau Sonne" of the Rhine Daughters—the trees and the tram-cars are miraculously chanting the Fire Music . . . I am in Paradise.

Suddenly the clocks are striking three. People are hurrying across the street. A woman has drawn up her blind and is laughing down to some friend below. "I have observed, Herr Doktor . . .," begins Julius, with his finger in the air.

*Hugh Walpole.*

### MIDDLE-AGE SPREAD.

There are tragedies that can be sung and acted; there are tragedies that can be spoken and read; and there are others that cannot be uttered, but are silently performed with shut doors in the mirrored secrecy of the soul. Here the solitary actor is also the spectator; it is the essence of the tragedy; for were an audience to be admitted the tragedy would in nine cases out of ten cease to be a tragedy and become a comedy or a farce. The solitary actor does not know this; and he goes on wringing his own heart with his performance, and (if the truth be told) nourishing a false sense of dramatic values. For pain and grief are solitary possessions; in so far as they are not or cannot be shared they sting and hurt, and in so far as they are shared they become inevitably dispersed and diluted, or perchance transformed and ennobled.

Among these secret tragedies few are more poignant than those connected with what is too often regarded as the doleful business of growing old. If growing old be really a tragedy, then is the whole of life a tragedy;

the bursting of a seed-pod and the breaking of a blossom are tragedies, and the whole affair of existence an unmitigated evil. But this is not true; and since the whole of life consists in growing old, since it is a process that begins from the cradle or the March seedfield, it is clearly something which is to be regarded as an essential part of life itself. I feel sure that on the whole the tragic view of life is the wrong one—if only because it makes life unbearable, and for an immense majority of people life is not only bearable, but extremely interesting and worth while. Although, however, one may be convinced that this is an obvious truth it does not reconcile us to the process of growing old ourselves. We may see it as a beautiful development in other people, as a mellowing and ripening process; but we are not a little shocked when we begin to realize quite clearly that it is also happening to ourselves. The thought that we can never be young again is a sad thought; but it is nothing to the realization of the first moment when other people, whom we look

upon as belonging more or less to our own generation, give clear evidence that they regard us in quite another light, and treat us either with the respect or the neglect that youth habitually accords to those who have passed the meridian of life. Again, the ageing of a beautiful woman is always something of a tragedy to herself; and yet it is so obvious, it excites so much sympathy, that it can hardly be regarded as a secret tragedy, and so loses something of its bitterness. The real tragedy exists in the case of some plain man, the loss of whose youth can make little difference to his friends, since it carries no very obvious disabilities with it, when he first realizes that in face and in figure he no longer looks like a young man.

For there is at first something quite absurd and incredible in the idea that this business of growing old can touch oneself. Most of us think of ourselves as being younger than we really are. There is, for example, such a thing as being thirty-seven. In a general way I should describe a man of thirty-seven as being in the full maturity of life, properly interested in grave matters, a vehicle of affairs, and bearer of responsibilities. Now technically and by the calendar I am thirty-seven; but I cannot help feeling that the figures are extremely misleading in my case. I feel very much as I did when I was twenty-seven; and then I felt the same as I did when I was twenty-four. I am not entirely preoccupied with the graver sides of life; I often secretly long to share the amusements of children; my shoulders seem to me unsuitable for heavy responsibilities; it would be better, I think, to wait until I am more like what other people are when they are thirty-seven. I have still the sense that there is a long time yet in which to do the greatest and most serious things that I wish to do. When I am forty, I think, would be a good time to

begin. Once I am forty it seems to me there will be no getting away from the fact, and I shall be willing to rank myself with the middle-aged. But I know that it is not true—that when I am forty I shall feel very much the same, and look upon fifty as a suitable age at which to take a more sober view of life. Imagine, then, with what a shock it must come to me to find that I am obviously regarded by many people as a sober middle-aged person, one who will obviously prefer to sit with the elders, and who would be bored and mystified by the high-spirited doings of young people. With my contemporaries I feel I am acting a part—that I am only pretending, and pretending badly, to be a person with experience behind him; I am always afraid of being found out. And yet when I am with my contemporaries of twenty-six it is only I who am quite at ease, and I perceive a tendency on their part to talk to me in a way that they think will interest me, deferring the more natural expression of themselves until I have left the room. I feel too young for the contemporaries of my age, and too old for the contemporaries of my spirit.

The other day my tailor informed me that the measurements round my hips and my chest (I am glad it was not only the hips) had increased one inch since last they were taken. The dog actually laughed, and thought that the news would interest and amuse me. When he saw that I clearly regarded it as a disaster he hastened to reassure me, saying, with a geniality for which I could have whipped him, "Why, sir, that's nothing at all; it's only middle-age spread." Middle-age! How dared he use such an expression to me? It ranked in my mind like a clumsy and ignorant affront until, on soberly considering the matter, I realized that I had not only reached but had actually passed middle age, and that in the

probable anticipation of life the years that remained to me must be less than the years that are gone. I know that this is a fact; I have earnestly tried to realize it, and have quite genuinely failed to do so. It means nothing to me. My brain receives the fact and automatically checks the logic of it, but I do not receive it with my whole intelligence. There must be a mistake; I must be an exception; and though it is on record that I was born in the year 1876 it is quite clear that my years have been shorter than other people's, that there must have been some group of years which went by at lightning speed, which became fused in the heat of passage and melted into one, and that the next decade will proceed at a much more reasonable pace.

There is no tragedy here, you see, because (for I think my experience is not an exception) we do not readily apply the fact of age to ourselves. But the Middle-age Spread is another matter. There is no getting away from the tailor and his tape. There is the fact; and to go back to the tragedy of the plain man who was never valued for his beauty, and whom a touch of obesity cannot really depreciate, there is the real inner tragedy the moment when he looks in the glass and realizes that his figure and his countenance are assuming a more fleshly habit. It may be desirable that we should see ourselves as others see us; but we wish also that other people could sometimes have the advantage of seeing us as we see ourselves. We look upon our image in the glass as no other eye looks upon us. No one may have noticed the youth and facial proportions of the plain man of my instance, but he noticed them; his face was interesting to himself, if to no one else; and the appearance of curves where once had been straight lines, and the rounding of what were once clean angles, is tragic to him; it is a tragedy which

he can share with no one else. It is dreadful to him to see flesh where once he saw spirit, and to realize that he is well on the way to old age. For although, as I said, growing old is a constant process which begins at the moment of birth, it is one of which we are not continuously aware. There are times in youth when growing is painful and troubling, and a time in age when it is melancholy and solemnizing. But there are long stretches in between when we are not very conscious of it, and for most men at any rate the years between twenty and thirty bring with them little sense of growing old. Time is a stream that is always flowing, but where it is broad and deep we hardly notice the current; and we entertain ourselves on its shore, watching others floating by on the tide, until the moment comes when the current gets us too, and we realize that it is bearing us away. And for many people this moment is the moment when they first become aware of Middle-age Spread.

It is a pregnant moment—almost, I think, the last great deciding moment in one's life. One must decide either to fight it or acquiesce. It is now, if ever, that we need to make a call upon our remaining youth, to summon it to our assistance. We may or may not decide to fight the spread of the body; we may or may not run to dietists and doctors and indulge in violent exercises. Whether that it worth while or not is largely a matter of individual circumstance; but what we must see to is that the spread of the body does not communicate itself to the mind, and result in a fatuous acquiescence in our destinies. This is the moment at which people first drift out of sympathy with what is young and bold in life and in thought. They think it merely silly; they see all its fallacies, without sufficiently respecting its vitality and renovating influence. The mind which



has been attacked by Middle-age Spread expresses a quite angry contempt for young and daring ideas, more especially—and this is strangest of all—if it was once daring and rebellious itself. "Why," says middle age, "I have been through all that; I once thought like that, there is nothing in it," and if it were really honest it would add, "The only things there can really be anything in are the things which were new when I was young. They were real and inspiring things; they have come to something; I represent them; but these are shams, the silly ideas of very young people who have not had the advantage of being born when I was born."

One has only to state this position to see the pathetic futility, the entire  
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negativeness of it; and yet how many of us who have reached middle age can boast that we have never felt, if we have not uttered, a like sentiment? So I would say to all who are beginning mentally or physically to spread: Have patience with the new generation; be interested in and curious about them; do not laugh their futurism and cubism entirely out of court; if it is nothing itself it means something; there is something behind it; there is your own lost youth behind it. Have patience with them, encourage them, and above all do not lose touch with them; lest haply even the current which bears you along discards you and leaves you floating in some backwater, spreading, and spreading, and spreading.

*Filson Young.*

## SOCIAL LIFE IN THE PSALMS.

The joyful side of religious emotion has found no greater expression than in certain of the Psalms. The cheerful songs of Zion sound through the ages, and echo still in the "Te Deum" and the "Gloria in Excelsis." Yet, taken as a whole, the Psalter leaves upon the mind of the devout reader an impression of deep and bitter sadness. The sense of oppression, the memory of oppression, and the fear of oppression pervade the whole book, where gleams of divine consolation alternate with the passionate expressions of revenge. It is strange that poems written at such different dates should breathe so similar an atmosphere. It accounts, perhaps, for the time-honored popular ascription of the whole anthology to one writer. That that writer should have been supposed to be a King is less wonderful. The Psalmists almost all speak from a height, and the social life depicted in the Psalms is depicted as from above. Take first of all the 45th

Psalm, containing the verse "The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold," which is evidently an occasional poem written for a Royal bride, and it brings us even to-day within the precincts of a primitive Court. Music and maids of honor, the soft clothing that is found in Kings' houses, delight our ears and eyes; ambitious thoughts stir the hearts of the shining company. The bride is promised children who shall be princes in all lands. We are among the great.

Not that "the poor" do not play a large part in the Psalms. But it is a passion of pity which stir their advocate. It is not an emotion which comes from consciousness of poverty. That is an emotion little known to literature. "The deep sighing of the poor" finds no true voice in indictments. The typical bad man of the Psalms is a tyrant; the typical good man is a just Judge. Both are powerful people. One ques-

tion distresses all the Psalmists. Would it be too much to say that it is the same question which throws a shadow over literature and life, now as it did then? We mean, of course, the question of undeserved suffering. The ancient Hebrew man of letters longed to believe that right-doing prospered. Now and then events seemed to prove his inward conviction, and he was glad. The Psalm which stands first in our collection proclaims the inevitable prosperity of goodness, the immunity from trouble due to the righteous man: "Whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." But the great problem of the world was not even then to be thus easily got rid of. Genius like that of the Psalmists does not permit a man to blind himself. The men of "the evil world: which have their portion in this life, whose bellies Thou fillest with Thy hid treasure," are too conspicuous to be ignored. "He seeth that wise men also die," and longs to hide himself from the sound of the prosperous clamor of the unrighteous, from "the gathering together of the froward, and from the insurrection of wicked doers." Now and then, however, the wicked come to great grief; then the Psalmist takes heart and promises the righteous that he shall "wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly." Nowadays we are very much shocked at this, but perhaps it is in reality no more than the natural and simple expression of the just but un-Christian soul.

But to return to the typical bad man as he appeared to a poet of the old Hebrew world. There are two types of tyrant. One is bloodthirsty and the other deceitful. We are constantly assured that God abhors both of them. The first probably belonged to the dominant race, though the faults of their oppressors are always imitated by a subject people. "The scornful reproof of the wealthy" is always upon his lips, and his heart is full of "the

despitefulness of the proud." He is the murderer of the innocent. "His eyes are set against the poor." Unlike the fool, he does not say there is no God. His state of mind is a worse and far more picturesque one. He says: "Tush, God hath forgotten." He is "holden with pride, and overwhelmed with cruelty." The Psalmist looks on in passionate disapproval. The mills of God grind too slowly for him. "Up, Lord, and let not man have the upper hand," he cries; but how often the heavens seem as brass! The second type of bad man is drawn with equal indignation. He is a usurer, and his weapon is his tongue. He spreads a net, and despoils those who get into it. He and his brethren are proud of their gulle. "With our tongue we will prevail: we are they that ought to speak, who is lord over us?" they say in their hearts. With these "flatterers" are "busy mockers." They all compass the ruin of the plain man. Nevertheless, the Psalmist does not despair. In spite of the contradictions of experience, he feels certain, as most good men feel certain still, that "the patient abiding of the meek shall not perish for ever." Words from the Psalms must have been in the mind of our Lord when He pronounced the Beatitudes. "The meek-spirited shall possess the earth."

The great prop of society, in the mind of the Psalmist, is the benevolent Judge. He is compared to Jehovah so constantly, and Jehovah is so often compared to him, that we are not always clear whether the Psalmist is speaking of God or man; what is perfectly clear is the poet's ideal. The good man is merciful; he lends and abides by his word. His ceaseless endeavor is to "keep the simple folk by their right: defend the children of the poor, and punish the wrong doer." He typifies Jehovah. "God is a righteous Judge, strong, and patient: and God is provoked every day." He is moderate,

and says "unto the fools, Deal not so madly," and exhorts them not to speak "with a stiff neck." But he takes the poor out of the mire and gathers together the outcasts.

We cannot read the Psalms and not hear the groans and the muttered revenge of a subject people. Yet no other people into whose soul the iron of the conqueror had entered so often could have written the Psalms. When the Hebrew poets spoke of Jehovah as the portion of the Jewish people they explained the strange fact that the heart of Israel was never broken. It is the fashion just now to belittle the Jewish ideal of divinity before the time of Christ. But it is impossible to belittle the character of Jehovah as it is reflected in the Psalms. He is no doubt depicted at times as a God of battles, but the words pass us by like martial music. They make no claim to spiritual teaching. The God who appeals to these poets is the father of the fatherless, the defence of the widow, the personification of righteous strength, however impatient the world.

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Above all, He "healeth those that are broken in heart." He delivers those who "sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: being fast bound in misery and iron." This God was the God of the whole earth, but specially the God of the Jew, and the thought of his relation to Jehovah was to Israel an ample consolation.

The note of triumph sounds clearly now and then throughout the Psalter, but it never sounds for long. In Jewish history it was continually interrupted. The joy of the Jew is tempered always, as the joy of humanity is tempered, by the thought of suffering, past, present, and to come. Man recognizes, as the Jew recognized, the glory of life, and he feels a strong inward prompting to give thanks. Like the Jew, again, he recognizes that at present his praise of God is of necessity intermittent and inadequate—a prophetic inspiration rather than a present emotion, to come true in the dim future, "when thou hast set my heart at liberty."

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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H. Addington Bruce's "Adventurings in the Psychical" (Little, Brown & Co.) groups together and discusses some of the results of the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research and other inquirers in the field of mental and psychical phenomena. The scope of the book is indicated by the chapter headings: Ghosts and Their Meanings; Why I Believe in Telepathy; Clairvoyance and Crystal-Gazing; Automatic Speaking and Writing; Poltergeists and Mediums; The Subconscious; Dissociation and Disease; The Singular Case of BCA; and The Larger Self. The general

subject is one to which a great deal of attention has been given of late years. The line which separates the normal from the abnormal is a vague and shifting one and the "adventurings" which Mr. Bruce describes are suggestive rather than conclusive.

F. Tennyson Jesse is the author of a story of vagabondage and wholesome Bohemianism, called "The Milky Way." Vivian Lovel was an English girl who was left orphaned and penniless, but still so devoted to dreams that she refused to make a "suitable" marriage, and set out to seek her fortune with a

venturesome heart and the desire to paint. She met a kindred spirit, Peter Whymperis, who did not care to partake of his "unearned increment," and went about playing the flute and producing sonnets at happy moments. The two shared all sorts of adventures, from joining a band of strolling players to hunting down a mystery for a newspaper. Finally, a publishing house sent them to Provence, Peter to write a book about that romantic country, and Vivian to illustrate it. Their sojourn there brought them more than success in work, and rounded out what is an entirely satisfactory love story. An original and uncommon note is struck in this book. It imparts to the reader something of its own gay spirit. George H. Doran Co.

In "The Blindness of Virtue," Cosmo Hamilton points a moral as well as adorns a tale. In fact, above all other things, this book teaches a lesson that applies not only to mothers and fathers, but to young women and young men. The parson of an English village who is the real hero of the book, and who is, by the way, quite a lesson for other parsons to note, discovers through the ruin of the daughter of a respectable, hard working woman of the middle classes, the great truth that he determines to spread abroad as far as his influence will reach. This truth is that the prime reason for the ruin of carefully nurtured girls is ignorance of sex relationships. The way to save this class of girls is to give them knowledge, that they may not unknowingly tempt men or be tempted by them. The ignorance which spelled tragedy in the life of the working woman's daughter, came near to wrecking the life of the parson's own daughter, because of the common failure of mothers to tell their daughters the truth about sex. The echoing of the same instincts and passions in the two

girls of two distinct classes is artistically done, and the dangers of ignorance are strongly brought out. Those who are interested in this new phase of the advantages of knowledge over ignorance will be glad to read "The Blindness of Virtue." George H. Doran Co.

"Beating Back" bears the names of two men, Al Jennings and Will Irwin, on its title page. The former lived the story and wrote or dictated the greater part of it. The latter wrote the first chapter which serves as an introduction, and edited the rest, but Mr. Jennings has the final word. The two met at a New York club, and after their acquaintance had ripened, they decided to collaborate in producing Mr. Jennings's autobiography, Mr. Irwin acting as secretary. Mr. Jennings has been cow-puncher, convict, train robber, candidate for office, holder of office and occupant of the judicial bench. President Roosevelt gave him a beautifully engrossed document restoring the citizenship which he had forfeited, and by way of showing his gratitude, the judge took the steps enabling the President to show that hunters could do certain things declared impossible by persons unlearned in forest lore. It is not possible to go into detail without spoiling the freshness of the story and as for determining whether it be truth or fiction, one must resort to the records of the State of Oklahoma. That man may thoroughly reform and that powerful temptations to backslide beset the ex-criminal is Mr. Jennings's thesis but he fought a good fight and he and Mr. Irwin have written a good book. D. Appleton & Co.

There is a pleasure which no other book can give so completely as a collection of poems, even minor poems. Published separately, a single poem

gives usually a single thought or mood or concept of beauty, and when a number of these are gathered into a volume the result is a more complete insight into the writer's personality than any novel or autobiography could ever give. This is true of the collection of verse by George Edward Woodberry, entitled, "The Flight and Other Poems." Most of the pieces took their inspiration from the author's sojournings in Italy, Egypt, and Greece, although a few of them are occasional poems, such as "Peary's Sledge," and "In Memoriam: Charles Eliot Norton." Whether the theme be sheer physical beauty, the still living fires of ancient thought, or whether it be friendship, the fine, clear spirit of the writer, and his unflinching taste and sensitiveness to the music of words, impart a vitality to his work which sets it far above the average. Readers who have enjoyed the appearance of Mr. Woodberry's verses in contemporary magazines, will prize this book where so many of them are gathered together, and those who become acquainted with them for the first time in this form, will rejoice that they do not have to wait and read the poems one at a time, but can have their pleasure uninterruptedly. The Macmillan Company.

It should be taken as the highest proof of the advancement of civilization that our modern poets and dramatists choose to emphasize the horrors of war to the exclusion of its glories, to make us see that war is aristocratic in its benefits and democratic in its woes. It is the "men in the black-tailed coats" who push the button that sets off the spark of war, but it is Tommy Atkins who has his life snuffed out without ever understanding why. John Masefield in "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," makes protest against war in his own imaginative mystical way. This pro-

test ascends from the poetic musings of the serving maid in the house of Pompey, through the father, friend and wife of Pompey, up to the master himself. It is the maid who has known the cruelties and horrors of war, but none of its glories and triumphs, who says—"Blow your horns, Spread your colors, ensign. Your colors'll be dust the sooner.—Your breath will be in the wind, a little noise in the night.—Dust and a noise in the trees.—Dust and the windows rattling. No more flags and horns then." Metellus Scipio, the father, introduces the true war motive, personal ambition. Cato, the friend, is the voice of patriotism which demands the sacrifice of all personal ambition for the good of one's country. Cornelia the wife seeks always to encourage the developing nobility of her husband. Pompey, having attained his personal ambitions, through the triumphs of war, finds them empty indeed. He longs for the Fortunate Islands. His historical indecision and vacillation of character are interpreted by Masefield as the struggles of a soul to attain unselfish patriotism. Pompey's words are—"There are two Romes—One built of brick by hods-men.—But the Rome I serve glimmers in the uplifted heart." Pompey attains a conscious knowledge of having wasted his years and strength in cruel, useless war, but he also attains that nobility of spirit, the belief in the essential goodness and trustworthiness of men, a belief that not even the vilest treachery could destroy. The tragedy is not Pompey slain, but it is what the sailors sing as the curtain drops and the play ends. "And the conqueror's prize is dust and lost endeavor." Those who read "Pompey the Great" will believe that Masefield has realized his prayer.

"God make my brooding soul a rift  
Through which a meaning gleams."

The Macmillan Company.